CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE great war has brought Nationhood to Canada in a greater measure, perhaps, than she would have obtained it during a generation of ordinary development. The spontaneous response to the Empire's call has established Canada, in the eyes of the world, as a powerful young Dominion whose possibilities are only just beginning to be known and only slightly developed.

What will Canada do to grasp this world-position opportunity? What will be the programme for development after this war for the peace and liberty of the world has been brought to a successful conclusion?

The Editors have obtained for the readers of CANADA MONTHLY a series of articles by experts, each of which will deal with some phase of this Nationhood development.

In this issue is presented an interesting and instructive article from the pen of Mr. J. S. Dennis, Assistant to the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in charge of the Department of Natural Resources of that great institution which has been such a powerful factor in the development of Canada.

Mr. Dennis points out that the larger portion of Canada's area must be developed through agriculture. In order to bring about this development we must have more farmers. He shows how these new farmers for Canada's great prairies are to be obtained.

Other articles in this series will deal with the possibilities of development in manufacture, mining and world commerce.

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CANADA MONTHLY

Premium Dept. — Toronto, Ont.

The successful business man was in a reminiscent mood.

"When we were poor," he said thoughtfully, "we looked forward to the time when we should have a little cottage in the country."

"Yes?" said the friend inquiringly.

"Well, when we were rich enough to satisfy this ambition, we got tired of going to the same place every summer. It was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Yes?" said his friend again.

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we shouldn't have to spend so much time in our town house."

"Yes?"—for the third time.

"Well, we have them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up most of the time, and goes travelling abroad, but she knows she's got them."

"I want you to clean my shop-window," said Mr. Binks to Muggins, the village champion window-cleaner. "Do you think you can do it while I'm away for an hour or so?"

"Oh, yes; glad to do it!" returned Muggins. And while Mr. Binks was out he set to work with a will, and completed the job with a vengeance.

"Muggins," said Mr. Binks, entering the shop and glancing at the cleaner's work with approval, "you've done the job well. Why, there isn't a speck or a scratch to be seen on the whole pane. Here's your money, and an extra shilling."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with it," murmured Muggins, pocketing the money somewhat nervously.

"Of course I am. Why, I can hardly believe there is any glass there at all, it looks so clear!"

"Well, there ain't," said Muggins, moving rapidly towards the door. "Me and the ladder fell through the glass just after we started!"

Mr. Subbubs: "Sometimes I am inclined to favor woman's suffrage."

Mrs. Subbubs: "Why, Henry?"

Mr. Subbubs: "Well, if women could vote, it would be necessary for even a cook to live long enough in one place to establish a residence."

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

There are few tragedies in a man's life more painful than when he has to begin to comb his hair carefully over the bald spot.

With old Jenkins it was a bad case. On his head each hair had its own place in attempting to hide the effects of Time.

He was playing the other day with a little girl—a sweet young damsel of seven, the age of curiosity and frankness.

Suddenly the child paused in her chatter, and her eyes widened with interest as she gazed at her playmate's head.

"Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she breathed in awestruck tones, "what is those black strings on your head!"

~

"Boo-hoo—boo-hoo!"

The kind old gentleman traced the sad sounds to their source, and came upon a small, whimpering lad.

"What's the matter, my little man?" he asked sympathetically.

"I'm lost!" wailed the boy.

"Lost? Nonsense! We mustn't give up hope so soon. Where do you live?"

"D-don't know, sir!" whined the lad. "We've just m-moved, and I c-can't remember the address!"

"Well, what's your name?"

"D-don't know, sir!"

Don't know?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"No-o!" sobbed the lad, breaking into a fresh outburst of tears. "M-mother m-married again this m-morning!"

~

"I try to do my duty," said the exceedingly sincere person, "and I do not hesitate to remind others of their duty."

"Go ahead," replied the easy-going citizen. "You may prove to be a very useful member of society. But when you get through you'll have as many sincere friends and admirers as an alarm clock."

~

"Bridget, did you hear the door bell?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why don't you go to the door?"

"Shure, ma'am, I don't be expectin' anybody to call on me. It must be somebody to see yourself."

~

"How came those holes in your elbows?" said the widow Smith to the irrepressible small boy.

"Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when Mr. Horner was saying to our Julia that he'd take her even if you had to be thrown in. He didn't know I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I burst 'em."

~

He was something in the furniture line, and his special mission in life was to repair broken chairs and sole and heel damaged tables—"as per estimate, to your very esteemed instructions."

She was a young person, interviewing the furniture king concerning a mahogany table.

"But, madam," he demanded, "what ever has happened to the article? What are these scratches and small marks round the edge?"

"What happened to it, indeed!" replied the Y. P. "Why, baby insisted upon cutting his teeth round the edge of that table, and very well he did it, too!"

Then the furniture fakir smiled, for he, too, was a family man.

~

A bashful gentleman who visited a school kept by a young lady was asked by the teacher to say a few words to the pupil. This was his speech:

"Scholars, I hope you will always love your school and your teacher as much as I do."

A tableau of giggling pupils and a blushing teacher attested the effectiveness of his words.

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As they sat together in the shadow of the old porch, talking of things we will not inquire into, though we can guess them—as they sat there, breathing the chilly air and endeavoring to stifle their shivers, a sudden squeaking broke into the evening stillness.

"What on earth is that?" asked the young man. "It sounds like a street fiddler tuning up!" he added, putting his hands to his ears as the sounds grew louder and louder.

The beautiful girl by his side smiled proudly.

"It is only father," she replied.

"Only father!" exclaimed the young man, jumping up abruptly. "Does his shoes make all that noise?"

"Yes, dear," answered the girl, helping him over the wall. "I didn't intend him to surprise us together a second time—so I sprinkled resin on his soles."

—

When O'Dearie sued O'Mee for the payment of five dollars, some people imagined that they were the most important people in the case. But this was not the opinion in Pat's district.

It was he who had seved O'Mee with the debated goods of O'Dearie, and he had been called to give evidence. When he returned home he wore a big swagger

"Shure, mither, an' it isn't aisy to be a witness," he boasted, "espeshully when the lawyers be such fools!"

"Were the lawyers fools?" excleamed his mother. "Oi shouldn't have belaved it!"

"It's thrue, though," replied Pat. "It's as thrue as Oi'm sitting here, begorrah! They asked so many questions, Oi'm thinking they didn't know a blessed thing about the case!"

—

A father had decided that he must administer a stern lecture to his youthful son.

Father spoke judiciously, but severely; he recounted the boy's misdeeds, and duly explained the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, his wife the while standing by, duly impressed.

Finally, when the father ceased for breath and incidentally to hear the culprit's acknowledgment of error, the boy, his face beaming with admiration, turned to his mother and said:

"Mother, isn't dad interesting?"

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The end of the war may unsettle many industries—*must* unsettle some, but agriculture will go on as before. The world must be fed and Western Canada is the country which logically will develope most rapidly when peace returns. *Now* is the time to prepare for those new conditions. Grasp the opportunity that the Canadian Pacific offers you in its farm homes.

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Many Farmers in 1916

sold their crops for more than the total cost of their land. You missed the opportunity then—will you miss it again? Find out how easy you may start on your own farm through the assistance of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Free literature and information on request.

Free Booklets—Write!

See for yourself the opportunities for independence and happiness that are yours in the great Canadian West. See for yourself how easy the Canadian Pacific Railway makes it for you to take advantage of these opportunities. Get all the particulars. Mail the coupon or a post-card for free literature. Don't delay. Act today. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain.

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The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for

The girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand. The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color. What is it that is keeping most of us from having this charm? A dull, sluggish skin!

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If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

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Send today for "week's-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a "week's-size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write today! Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 901 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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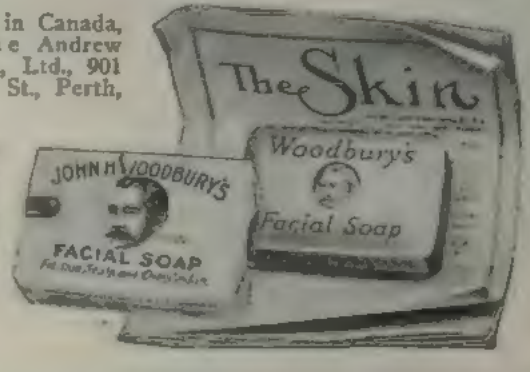
Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.



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CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
FEB.

Canada's Economic Need—More Farmers

By J. S. Dennis

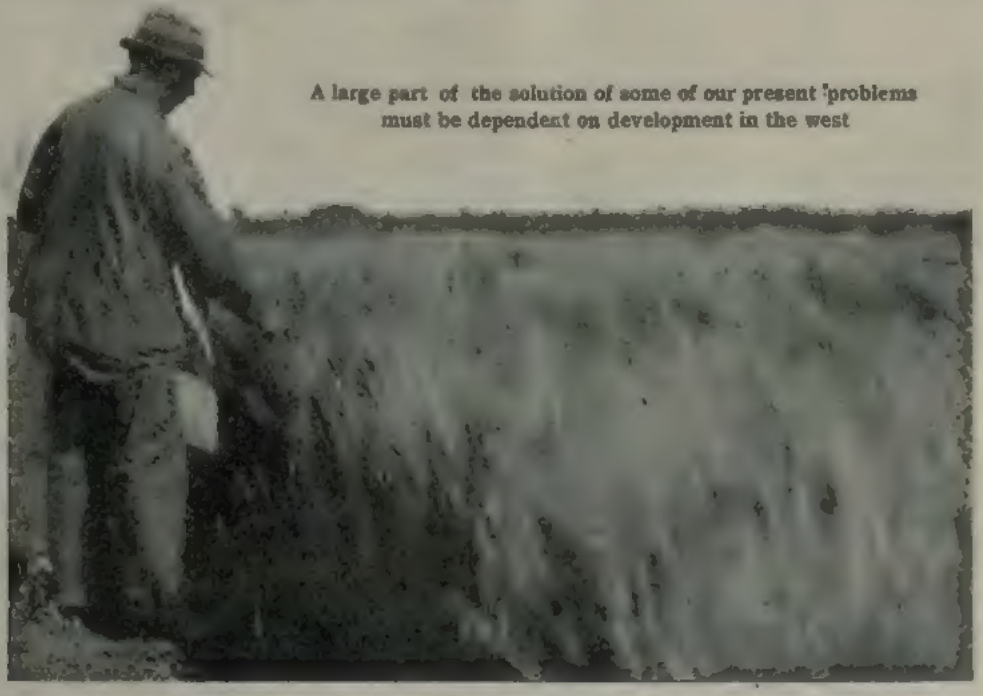
Assistant to the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway

Illustrated from Photographs

IN Western Canada we have an idea that the bull's-eye of our Dominion target is located on our broad plains and certainly a large part of the solution of some of our present problems must be dependent on development in the West.

Beginning with Confederation, Canada has, from time to time, been faced by serious problems. Commencing with that of the consolidation of the then scattered Crown colonies into one Dominion, we then had to face the acquirement from the Hudson's Bay Company of that great central portion, now comprising the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; and later to undertake, what was then looked upon as a visionary dream, the linking together of all parts of the Dominion by the construction of a transcontinental railway. Later on again, we have had the problem of the construction of additional transcontinental railways; the question of immigration; the improvement of our interior waterways; the serious questions of tariff, and inter-provincial differences.

Fortunately, all these problems were met and more or less successfully solved with the result that prior to the war, Canada was progressing rapidly and the future looked bright. Immediately prior to the war, we had a period of great prosperity and expansion, resulting from the great railway



A large part of the solution of some of our present problems must be dependent on development in the west

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In the Western Provinces are vast areas of the finest agricultural lands ready for the plow without any preliminary clearing

construction programme throughout Canada and the coincident Dominion, provincial, municipal, corporate and private expenditures, all over the Dominion. We also had our greatest immigration movement during that period, resulting in an increase of our population by millions of people in the ten year term 1905-1915. This immigration, as shown by the Dominion government returns, originated, as follows:

Great Britain, 973,034
United States, 875,876
Other Countries, 680,394

Our prosperity during that period, together with the large immigration movement brought about a somewhat inflated condition, and when the war broke out, we were face to face with a check in our development. The war relieved this situation and removed the unemployment question, largely due to the enlistment of a large number of the men who had come from Great Britain during the previous period and who were out of employment in our cities, towns and villages.

THE war, however, has not removed certain serious problems. Our most pressing problems, as I see them, are Colonization, Returned Soldiers and Development. Occupying a territory greater in area than the United States, Canada has a population less than 8,000,000. Possessed of great natural resources in our forests, fisheries, mines, and vast unoccupied area of agricultural land, we are importing quantities of manufactured articles and food stuffs which should be produced at home.

In Canada, we have an unsound economical condition in the distribution of our population throughout the whole of the Dominion. In Western Canada, with a total population in the four western provinces of less than the population of the Province of Quebec, we find the unsound distribution between the urban and rural communities of forty-three per cent. urban and fifty-seven per cent. rural. This condition also exists to a greater or less extent in the older provinces, and the distribution in the Dominion as a whole to-day is about forty-five per cent. urban and fifty-seven per cent. rural. These facts are, of themselves, sufficient to indicate the pressing necessity for increasing our population as a whole and properly distributing the increase, so as to correct this unsound division between the producer and consumer. In speaking of "Colonization," I am using the term in the broad sense of not only obtaining and putting the proper man on the land, but also in colonizing the proper labor, whether skilled or unskilled, in his proper place. It is unreasonable to expect that the agricultural population in the older provinces can be increased with great rapidity, because they have no large areas available for settlement which do not involve the tedious process of land clearing before cultivation can be undertaken, but in all these older provinces, there are large numbers of unoccupied farms which should be recolonized, so as to increase the per centage of agricultural producing population. In the western provinces, however, where nature has blessed the Dominion with vast areas of the finest agricultural land, which can be put under cultivation without any preliminary clearing, every effort must be exerted to increase the agricultural population and correct the present unsound distribution of population.

Analysis of the two and one half million people added to our population during the period 1905-1915, proves that only a small proportion were looking for land, and that the vast number of the men, especially those from Great Britain, were seeking employment as laborers, either skilled or unskilled. Our effort in our future colonization campaign must be to obtain a greater proportion of immigrants to take up and cultivate our land and to discourage the immigration of laborers, either skilled or unskilled, to any greater extent than can be readily assimilated through extension of our industrial development.

DEALING with the problem of our returned soldiers, it must be remembered that all our men will come back from the Front feeling that they are entitled to take up their old positions, or to be provided with work the moment they are mustered out of the army.

In addition to our own returned soldiers, we must look forward to a great influx of men who are serving in the British army. After the South African war, where some 300,000 men were engaged, the British government statistics show that within one year after the close of the war, 100,000 of these men emigrated overseas. What may we expect from four or five million men that Great Britain now has serving in her army?

The United States is the source from which our greatest immigration may be looked for after the war. The population there is expanding rapidly and opportunity for obtaining cheap land or employment, decreasing correspondingly, and the openings in Canada and the Nationhood which has come to us through our share in the war, will attract people from the United States, whether native born or foreign, because they are accustomed to similar methods of agriculture and similar systems of schools, taxation, currency, transportation, weights and measures, and general methods of living, and a change of flag will not retard the movement of people in large numbers.

OUR third problem is the matter of development. Much of our industrial, business, municipal and transportation development in Canada prior to the war was in advance of what conditions justified, and we must recognize that our great constructive development programme is at a standstill and will be "marking-time" until we can materially increase and properly distribute our population.

Our railway construction programme, for instance, brought about a condition under which Canada has a greater railway mileage per capita than any

other country in the world, and as far as the western provinces are concerned, has resulted in one mile of railway in operation for every 116.3 of total population and one mile for every 66.0 rural or producing population.

We also had an industrial development on certain lines in advance of our markets, and generally, had built a superstructure on the unsound foundation of an insufficient rural population.

In the past, especially in the west, we have in many cases had unsound industrial development because it was based on the importation of raw material, while many of our vast natural resources were left undeveloped. It is, of course, economically unsound that a country like Canada, blessed as it has been by nature with vast and inexhaustible natural resources, should be importing a large percentage of her food stuffs and manufactured articles, and every effort must be exercised to correct this condition.

First, it is absolutely necessary that the whole question of our immigration policy should receive immediate and most careful consideration, and that a proper department to handle it, irrespective of politics or salaries, should be created by the Dominion government.

In this connection, it is suggested that the Dominion government should call a conference of representatives of the provincial government, transportation companies, banks, boards of trade, manufacturers' associations, trades and labor councils, farmers' organizations, and all those interested in the expansion and proper distribution of our population. This conference would, without doubt, result in the preparation of a clear cut programme to be followed by the proper department in solving this problem.

WITH regard to our returned soldiers and those of the British army who will come to Canada, arrangements must be made now to properly take care of them.

We must expect that as far as the men of the army are concerned, the larger proportion will be looking for employment in our cities, towns and villages, and to meet this problem, it is necessary that we should have a Dominion wide labor bureau, which would make a careful labor survey of the Dominion and would be in a position, when the proper time comes, to direct the labor to those points where it can be assimilated; otherwise, we will have a serious congestion of unemployed at certain points and a shortage of a certain kind of labor where it is needed.

Our development problem is a many sided one. It includes the readjustment of industrial activity in the East, now engaged in making war munitions and war supplies, so as to take up something of a permanent industrial character after the war, and it also includes a comprehensive study of our natural resources, so that new outlets for present products, and reliable data regarding the location and character of our resources, may be provided, and new channels and proper methods and opportunities for their development indicated.

View of a rich silver deposit

Canada has been blessed with inexhaustible natural resources

To meet the situation, it is suggested that the Dominion government should forthwith undertake a complete industrial survey of the Dominion and be prepared to follow it up by endeavoring to interest the men and capital in industrial development necessary to utilize our natural resources, and provide a market for both skilled and unskilled labor.

It must be remembered that prior to the war, large sums of money were obtained from Great Britain, France and Northern Europe for our development programme, and that we are now shut off from that market and will be shut off for many years after the war. We must, therefore, look to our neighbors, south of the international boundary to provide the money needed to continue our development programme, and steps to thoroughly advise them as to the opportunities for investment in Canada should, of course, be included in the development survey.

A Descendant of Prince Shamus

By C. B. Loomis

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

WHATEVER story there is about it, this is James's story. And James said his story was his mother's story, and I've a suspicion that James's mother's story came down to her along the line of the Irish kings from which she said she was descended.

My meeting with James was unusual, and the better to describe it I will go back to five minutes before I first saw him.

I was reading the evening paper on my way across the North River to New York and came on a paragraph headed "The Boy Was Thanked." It told of a poor boy who, after picking up a wallet that a banker had dropped, chased him several blocks and finally restored it to him. The banker had opened it, had seen that his money was intact, and had then said in a tone of great kindness, "Thank you, my boy. You are an honest fellow."

It had struck me as I read that here was one of those *eminently* just men. The boy had done his duty and the banker had done his duty, which was to thank the boy kindly. Only I wondered how much imagination the banker had to let such an opportunity for gratifying it pass him.

The incident was still in my mind when I made way off the ferry boat and, grip in hand, sought to cross West street.

A snow-laden gust of wind caught me unprepared and whipping my hat from my head sent it rolling and bouncing down the street in the direction of Liberty street.

Of course, four or five sprang for it, including myself, but the hat eluded us all and bowled down the car tracks, heading for one of those badges of New York's progressiveness, a horse car.

Suddenly a boy dashed out from the sidewalk, made a headlong dive and caught the hat just in time to save it from the imprint of a hoof. Dodging the horse's feet he turned and ran with it to me.

I reached out one hand to take it and put the other into my pocket so as to be unlike the banker.

There was not a cent of change there.

"Carry your grip, sir? Haven't had a thing to eat for twenty-four hours," said the boy in a cheerful voice, holding the hat back and smiling an Irish smile that disclosed very white and even teeth.

"Yes, but give me my hat before I catch cold. So you're starving are you?"

The boy had given up the hat and had seized my grip and he said, "It's no lie, sir. W'ere ye' go'n'?"

"Sixth avenue elevated," said I, wondering where I could get a five dollar bill changed so as to pay the boy for his trouble.

"I'll take it for ten cents."

He stopped as he spoke as much as to say that if the ten cents was not forthcoming immediately he wouldn't take the grip.

"I'll give you ten cents when I get a bill changed, but don't you want any pay for getting my hat?"

"Sure, Mike. On'y fer me it would have been stove in."

"Well, I'm *very* much obliged to you." And reaching out, I shook hands with him.

He took my hand, but he looked up into my face and grinned as he said, "Gee, I'd a' chased it over the sea wall for that."

"And glad to see it go, I suppose. Well, we'll call it a dime for getting the hat and you can carry the grip to oblige me, just for the sake of kindness."

"Fix it to suit yourself," said the boy, and I thought I saw a look of contempt stealing over his sunny face.

"What's yout name and how hungry are you?"

"Jimmy Mulrennan, an' I'm hungry as hell."

The boy amused me, and as the

"He never seen a gerrul that made him sorry he was livin' alone in his beautiful castle on the hill"

train I was bound for did not leave until 8.30, I determined to invite him to dine with me.

"Got anything in particular to do to-night?" said I.

"Well, I kin put it off if dere's money in anyt'ing else," said he, with a peculiarly winning grin.

"I was wondering whether we couldn't eat dinner together. I want to see if you're as hungry as you say you are, and I haven't had dinner myself, and Smith & McNell's is close by."

Then to jolly him along, I said (and there was more truth than fiction in it), "I used to eat there when I was a poor boy."

"Gee, was you ever poor?" said Jimmy, and I wondered whether there wasn't a touch of satire in his remark. I have never classed myself among the unduly rich.

He ran on: "I used to be rich, meself."

"You were rich?" said I, for a moment taking the announcement seriously.

"Oh, sure—say, youse ain't kiddin' me? Are we go'n' ter git dinner for fair?"

I turned into Greenwich street as an evidence of good faith, and said: "There's no doubt about it. As much dinner as would be good for you after your fast. So you were rich?"

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy, cheerfully and mendaciously. "Until me farder lost his fortune I was rich. We lived in t'ree houses on Fift' avenyer, an' I studied football up ter Columbia, and every time I seen a poor boy I lammed him one good. I never t'ought I was go'n' to be poor meself some day. But dis Chadwick woman needed me farder's money, an' he let her have it, an' den I kem down here to look for a job of carryin' grips an' I ain't went to Columbia since."

"You're not very hungry," said I, looking down at the bright and surprisingly clean face. "No hungry boy could give me a fairy tale like that."

With his disengaged hand Jimmy patted his stomach lovingly.

"Gee, der hungrier I get der better stories I kin make up. I tell de udder boys fairy stories an' dey blows me off—sometimes. Some of dem I made up an' some me mudder tol' me. She'd her head full of dem—Irish fairy stories."

It instantly struck me that here might be a folk lore vein worth delving into and I felt that virtue was going to be rewarded—as usual.

We passed into the noisy and crowded restaurant and found seats in a corner, and Jimmy sniffed the air like a war horse.

"Oh, dat smell makes me hungrier. Sometimes, boss, w'en I ain't got der price I cross over der street w'en I pass a eatin' house, because der smell of t'ings cookin' always makes me hungrier."

"Well, get as hungry as you want and we'll see what we can do."

"On his way he met a strange boy that told him he'd hear his fate that day"

I looked at the bill of fare, and then I looked at the bright little face before me. Yes, he did look hungry. Probably some boys would have spoken with a beggar's whine, but he was evidently a lad of temperament—and also of cheerful temperament, although temperament does not always connote cheerfulness.

"How would a thick steak and a fat baked potato and some fried sweet potatoes and mince pie and coffee do?"

"Ully gee! I won't do a t'ing to dem"

The boy clapped his hands in delight, and I could not help feeling (somewhat smugly, no doubt) that that banker had thrown away a golden opportunity when he dismissed that other boy with thanks.

"Say, boss," said Jimmy, when the order had been given, "are you richer dan mos' folks?"

Again suspecting satire in the question, I said, "No, I guess not. Probably not as rich as your father was when he lived in three houses on Fifth avenue."

Jimmy burst into a jolly laugh. "Oh, I was on'y kiddin'. Me farder was a street cleaner, an' he's dead two years ago, an' me mudder was a scrub-loidy till she got sick. She died of pneumonia in a hospital. I used to go up dere to see her on visitin' days, an' she saved me bits from dinner under der bed clothes. She was good to me. Say, boss, a boy's best friend is his mudder."

This was the first time I had ever heard the hackneyed phrase uttered seriously, and I was touched. Jimmy meant every word he said and I fancied that his bright eyes were clouded for a moment. And yet a street boy is not given to emotion.

He was silent for a minute, and then he said thoughtfully, "I wisht I could go to Ireland w'ere me mudder kem from."

"Your name is Mulrennan, you say," said I. "Didn't your father come from there, too?"

"Jeeze, no. He was born in der Nint' Ward like meself. Terence Mulrennan, he was an American, all right, but me mudder was Irish, an' she tol' me dat all der country is green dere, an' dere ain't no snakes dere—gee, but I'd like to see a snake; an' she used to say der boids sang out of doors dere. Not sparrers, but boids dat was singin' all der while. An' she said der sun was brighter dere, an' w'en I growed up she hoped I'd go dere an' see for meself. I t'ink it's pretty bright here most of der time. But dere's reel fairies dere. She said so. She seen dem in der moonlight. Mustn't dat have been a cinch?"

Further talk along this line was interrupted by the arrival of dinner, which Jimmy attacked with such gusto that I felt quite sure that his hunger was the real thing.

For a while neither of us said much.

He was too busy. Finally, after a third helping of steak, Jimmy drew a satisfied sigh and said:

"Gee, boss, I'm near bustin'."

"Well, you'd better stop eating or you'll be sick. I ought to have thought of that."

Jimmy looked at me to see if he could see where the joke came in, and then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Dat's a noo one, boss. Sick from eatin' too much. I guess it's not many dat's sick dat way. Gee, I'd like to have dat disease every day. Sick from eatin' too much. I mus' tell der boys dat. Dey'll say it's one of me 'fairies.' Ully gee!"

Jimmy started to take a drink of coffee but choked over it, his desire for laughter not yet extinguished, and the result was disastrous to the tablecloth.

"Oh, dear," said he in alarm, feeling his throat. "What happened to me? Me t'roat feels twisted."

I told him he had swallowed the wrong way.

"Gee, it's near time I loined how to swaller, an' me doin' it fer twelve years."

I was sitting opposite Jimmy. He looked at me and smiled, then sighed again and suddenly his hand came across the table and gripped the top of mine from pure good feeling. I could not help warming to the little chap.

He was evidently revolving something in his mind, and at last it came out.

"Say, boss, will I tell you one of der 'fairies' der boys gits me to tell?"

"Well, I should say so."

There was to be after-dinner speaking, and I was only sorry that smoking was not allowed, that I might have leaned back and pretended that I was listening to some noted Irish wit.

"Well, wance upon a time," began Jimmy, and then he stopped and said:

"Boss, me mudder was descended from der kings of Ireland. Dat's no lie. She was on'y a scrub-loidy in dis country, but she said if I had lived long ago I would have been a prince."

"And as handsome a little prince as ever listened to a harp," thought I, as I looked at the wavy blond hair and the round blue eyes of the earnest lad who was now paying for his dinner in the only way he knew how.

"I used of'en to t'ink dat it was funny she happened to be me mudder, because she was different from me farder an' never swore like some of der boys' mudders does. An' no matter w'ot happened her she was always t'inkin' dat better times was comin'.

"An' here's der story."

The boy was a born actor, for although his own accent was that of a New York street boy, as soon as he began to tell his mother's story he assumed an Irish accent which I have indicated phonetically as nearly as is possible with our inadequate alphabet.

"Wance upon a time there was a king of Ireland an' he had a son, an' the name of the son was Prince Shémus (Shamus). (Me mudder said dat Shémus was der same as me own name, Ja-mes.) Prince Shémus was that red hairred that the clouds was lit up of a dark night whenever he would go out of doors an' the eyes of him was like di'minds. An' Prince Shémus wasn't married, because he never seen a gerrul that made him sorry he was livin' alone in his beautiful castle on the hill.

"But wan day there was a fair in Bally—(Gee, boss, I never could remember der names of der places in me mudder's stories. Dey was Bally dis and Bally dat.)"

"Call it Ballyhack" Said I.

"(All right, on'y dat wasn't it, —Well, he went to the fair an' on his way he met a strange boy that told him he'd hear his fate that day. And sure 'nough Boss he did. He seen there a fortune-teller in a booth that told him the gerrul he was to marry lived across the says in America, although she was Irish. An' wid that out on the wall beside him was a pitcher of a golden-haired gerrul as white an' red as flesh an' blood. Oh, she was so beautiful that the prince fainted dead away an' when he come to him self he axed the fortune-teller where would he find a gerrul like that. And the fortune-teller tould him to go down to the say an' he'd find a ship on the shore an' to get into it widout a word an' sail for America an' the rest would happen to him.'

It was interesting to watch Jimmy as he warmed into his recital. He entered into the spirit of the tale, and I have not a doubt was oblivious to his incongruous surroundings save that he had an auditor. It was queer, too, that although the "th" in his ordinary speech was a shibboleth to him when he came to use the dialect of his mother he said "th" with ease where she would have used it.

"And Prince Shémus did as he was tould, and he laves the booth in the fair an' jumps on his cream-colored horse. (I forgot to tell youse about der horse. Me mudder always began wid tellin me of der looks of der horse.) He was cream colored wid a white tail that swep' the ground an' gleamin' eyes, an' he was that gentle he could walk on you without hurtin' you.

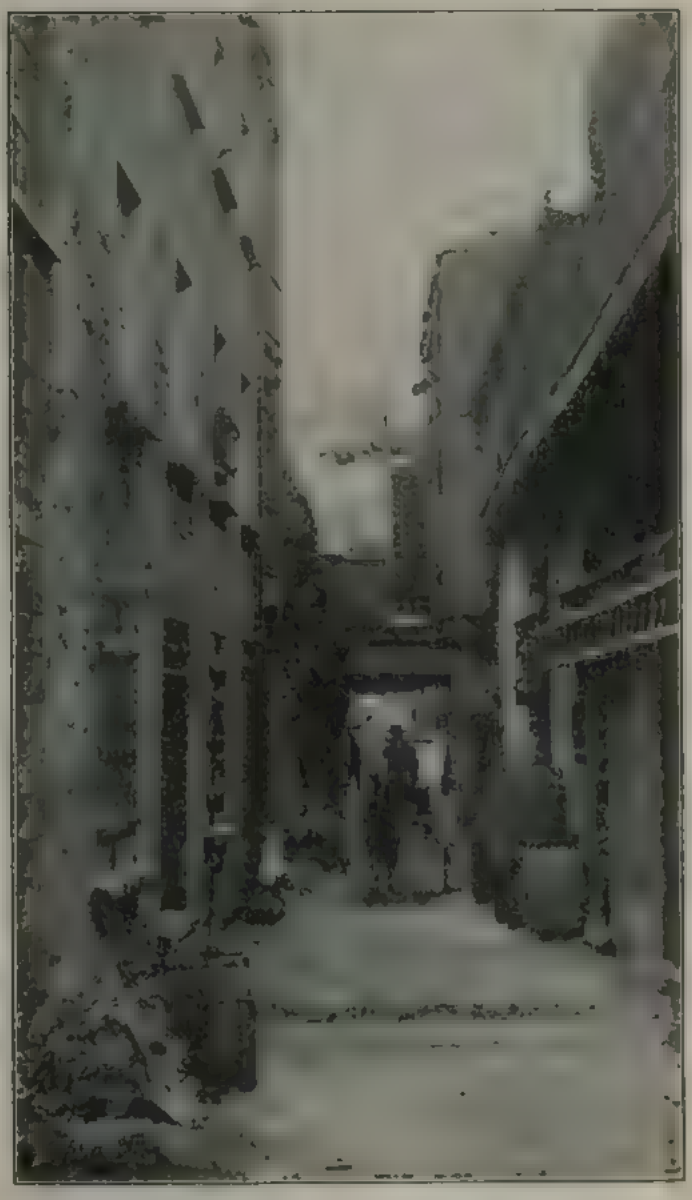
"Prince Shemus lept upon his horse an' rode down to the roarin' say, an' there ridin' on the waves was a white sail boat

"Me mudder said I was a descendant of Prince Shamus"

Continued on page 210.

A Quebec Roadhouse

By Estelline Bennett



The contrast between the quaint, narrow streets of Quebec and the wonderful country outside the walled city is worth a day's journey

IN Quebec a small quiet road house, little known to tourist or traveller, stands near the road on the way from the city of Quebec to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. It is a jealously guarded favorite among those who do know it and are connoisseurs of genuine old French-Canadian cookery. If it had been built for a ski-ers' club house or especially for a road house, instead of growing by virtue of the habitant's necessity from a habitant dwelling, it could not have been placed more perfectly in regard to distance, good roads for sleighs, and cross country tramps for ski-ers and snowshoers. It has come to be the upper-end of many a merry tramping or sleighing party.

It was a young people's ski-ing club that discovered it not more than a year ago and found that the *perdrix aux choux*, *torquaire*, and *croquignoles* were the sort that only French-Canadians know really how to make. It is owned by a French-Canadian and his wife who do their own cooking and receive the merry-makers as though they were specially invited guests. The living room, where supper is served, is in the most correct and charming French habitant style—the same sort and school of interior decoration that has been copied in the lovely habitant suite at the Chateau Frontenac. There are the hand-woven rag rugs, the old wooden rocking chairs, picturesque old furniture, thickly curtained deep windows, blooming geraniums on the window sills, and a disinclination everywhere to speak English. The place is beyond Kent House at Montmorency Falls and so far as being "discovered" is concerned, is absolutely unspoiled. It is like a one-night trip abroad—somewhere into the interior of France-before-the-war. But the supper is distinctly the French that is Canadian. It is French cooking adapted to the cold of the north.

"Don't tell people about it, Mother," pleaded the young ski-er who with a party of friends had come upon it unexpectedly one clear cold moonlight night when they were all tired and hungry. "Don't tell! No, it isn't selfish. It would just spoil it. These people don't know how wonderful it is. They're just serving their own sort of supper in their own way in their own old stone house—you know the sort, Mother—and it's great! You know it would be a pity to make it popular."

The road house business around the old city of Quebec is still in its infancy, probably for two reasons. For one thing the Quebecois are a thrifty home-loving people not given, by inclination to inviting strangers, either those who pay or those who do not, into their homes. They are not inclined to make their living at their own hearthstones

And then you will ski or snowshoe back to the old walled city. If it were a dozen years ago you would find the gates closed against you

Into their homes they invite their friends. Their business affairs are things outside. For another thing, the hardy, outdoor-loving people of Quebec are more apt to picnic in the snow than to hunt for shelter. When they go ski-ing or snow-shoeing they make camp fires in the woods and have lunch or supper in the open. Snow Shoe clubs have their club houses at convenient distances and these have been wont to suffice. So the little habitant road houses, thoroughly French in the fashion of Normandy or Brittany of three hundred years ago and as foreign and alien to the American traveler as though they had just been transplanted from the forest of Fontainbleau, have all the unexpected charm of a white violet in the snow in early spring. It is not wonderful that the French-Canadians of the cities are jealous of their preservation.

The journey to this one between Montmorency Falls and Ste. Anne de Beaupre is worth while in itself even if there were nothing at the end. The contrast between the quaint narrow streets of Quebec and this wonderful country outside the walled city is worth a day's journey. It is over a smooth even road packed hard with snow all through the winter. It glides out from Quebec over the St. Charles river a mile below the cross that marks the place where Jacques Cartier and the crews of his three vessels spent the winter of 1539; past Maizerets, the two-hundred year old farm where the students of the Quebec Seminary go for a weekly holiday; through the village of Beauport where General Montcalm had his headquarters in 1759, and where the ruins of the old manor house he occupied still stand; through the village of Montmorency and past the frozen falls. In sweaters and furs and woolly cap one cuddles down in the high-backed red sleigh behind the fur clad driver and listens to the steady tinkle of the sleigh bells and the snap of the horses' feet on the snow and wonders what lure was ever found in the summertime. When summer does come one goes out in a cariole or an automobile, watching on the one side the big ships come up from the sea into the St. Lawrence river; and on the other, the Laurentian mountains turn a warmer purple, and straightway in fickle fashion he forgets how sparkling and beautiful a thing the winter was. And in the fall—the glory of Quebec is the fall, when the myriad maple trees turn scarlet and crimson and gold, and the river and the mountains are every shade of purple and blue One may forget the road house for a little time in the summer and fall for the out-doors is more tempting than any fireside and besides, the distinctive French-Canadian dishes are concocted for the winter which is the long season.

These are some of the things you may have for supper at the little habitant road house on the way to Ste. Anne's:

Pedrix aux Choux—a partridge which after having been frozen had been cooked for several hours in a covered iron casserole with chopped cabbage and salt pork and a rich consomme.

Soupe aux Pois—which is different from the pea soup made in America by reason of the herbes salees, which all habitant housewives make and city housekeepers buy in the open market in Quebec.

Torquaire—a most delectable concoction of pork chopped, pounded and kneaded with salt and black pepper and baked in a pie.

Croquignoles—a little more delicate, a little less rich, and a little more interesting, but generally speaking, the same old New England doughnut.

And then they will give you some kind of a sweet made with maple sugar and you will ski or snow-shoe or sleigh back to the old walled city. If it were a dozen years ago you would find the gates closed against you. For before the trolley cars on St. John Street and the stress of traffic on Mountain Hill crowded the gates out of their arches they were closed at nine o'clock and after that no one came in or went out of the city of Quebec.

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by F. M. Grant

Synopsis.

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked, "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry" the one addressed finally managed to stutter.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to enquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. The doctor wanted to read the manuscript. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks—where he had learned them, he could not remember—the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW FRIEND AND AN OLD ENEMY.

IT was during the leisure moments of the two weeks that I worked as pianist in Mike Lynch's saloon that I wrote the account of my adventures up to the point where I now resume it.

An extended account of that fortnight would have no place in this narrative. As I think of it now I wonder, alternately, how I endured it as long as I did, and on the other hand, whether I might not be there still if Fate had not, in her drastic and unexpected way, taken a hand in the game.

For a man of any refinement of musical feeling, the experience of banging away, night after night, the same inane, vulgar songs and dances could be nothing but torture. The spent, malodorous physical and moral atmosphere of the place; the leers and jests of strident-voiced soubrettes; the vulgar antics of clowns, disfigured to the point of nausea by what was known as "comic make-up"; the brawlers in the audience, besotted with drink; all these were subisdiary evils.

Much as I hated it, however, it is easy to see why I stayed. Any preliminary toward finding other work would involve quitting the job I had, for Lynch hardly allowed me out of his sight when I was not at the piano.

The violent adventures of the first two or three days following my return to consciousness had left me in a sort of lassitude, where any routine which comprised food and shelter and bade fair to keep me out of the hands of those two dreaded Dugglebys, father and son, was hard to exchange for another fierce tussle with the world.

The night that was destined to be the last of that experience, the night when Fate took her hand in the game, began like all the others. It was a stifling hot Saturday. All Coney Island was gorged with restless pleasure-seekers, and, as usual, the dregs of that great steaming mass of humanity settled in Lynch's saloon.

Indeed, the notoriety of this unsavory resort provided the only mitigating feature of its audiences. It was so bad that decent people often came to see how bad it was. These amateur sociologists never failed to afford me a good deal of quiet amusement, whenever they sat where I could see or hear them.

There had been no such pleasant diversion to-night, however, and at ten o'clock, when the orgy had got fairly into full swing, I was pounding away, resolved to get through the evening by sheer brute endurance.

Suddenly, during a lull in the noise coincident with the appearance of an alleged comic monologist, I heard the sound of an altercation at a table just behind me. There was nothing unusual in that, Heaven knows, and I should not even have turned my head, had it not been that the voice and the speech of one of the disputants were such as I had never heard before in that place.

He was a gentleman, evidently one of those amateur socilogists I have spoken about, and he was laboriously trying to express himself in very broken and insufficient English.

I whirled around on my stool to see what it was all about. The man whose explanations were making so little headway was a gentleman of middle age, of highly intelligent appearance, but somewhat unfortunately for him he was in full evening dress.

By the time I had turned around so many people were talking to him at once and with such unnecessary wealth of gesture and expletive that it took me a moment to discover the true cause of his offense myself. It was no wonder that he was bewildered.

It seemed that he had seated himself, in all innocence, in a chair which had been only temporarily relinquished by a lady of the party which occupied the other seats at the table—a lady whose reappearance was momentarily to be expected.

The noise of expostulation swelled rapidly, two or three waiters were coming up, the comic monologist from the stage lent his voice to the altercation, and there seemed to be all the material for a fair-sized row. Once more the gentleman in his halting, laborious way, attempted to inquire what was wrong.

Then, to my amazement, he broke into most rapid and fluent speech There was an instant of silence, and then from all the tables about came guffaws of laughter. As for me, I sat there on my piano-stool, spellbound for the moment by the double realization that he was speaking in another language than English, which my inner man instinctively labeled "French," and that I understood what he was saying.

I rose and walked over to him.

"Monsieur," said I in his own tongue, "possibly I may be able to clear up this little misunderstanding."

He looked up at me and gasped with relief.

"Thank God!" he said.

I explained the situation to him, where-upon he arose, of course, with a comprehensive bow of apology. I accompanied him to another vacant chair not far away, and ascertained for

him that no one else had a prior claim to it.

"I am a thousand times obliged," he said. "There were all the materials for a very unpleasant few moments, from which you, sir, were good enough to rescue me. I should not have ventured in here alone if I had suspected that my command of English would fail me in that ridiculous way at a crisis."

Unconscious of what I was doing, I drew up another chair and seated myself beside him. I was as oblivious to my present surroundings as I had been that morning two weeks before when I first seated myself before the piano. My old self absolutely dominated me. I was struggling again to organize, to coordinate, the horde of memories, associations, pictures, which the sound of this fine, pure French speech wakened within me.

I found him looking at me curiously.

"You will pardon my asking the question," he said, "but were you not the gentleman who was seated at the piano when I came in?"

That question brought the present back to me. I rubbed my hand vaguely across my forehead.

"Yes," said I. "Yes, I was."

"In that case," he said, "I am obliged to you for more than rescuing me from the consequences of my stupid blunder. It was a delightful, though somewhat mystifying, experience to have heard one of Tschaikowsky's waltzes played as you played it, in a—a—"

"A den of this sort," I finished for him.

He shrugged his shoulders in mild deprecation.

"I hardly realized where my sentence was taking me when I began it," he said, "but I am obliged to confess that you have greatly piqued my curiosity."

"Apparently, it takes a certain number of mysteries to make up a world," said I. "Shall I strain your curiosity too far if I ask a question?"

"Proceed, monsieur," he said.

"I believe," said I, "that I am at this moment carrying on a conversation with you in French?"

His eyes widened.

"But most assuredly," he said.

"And further," I went on, "if it is a question you are willing to give a candid answer to, is my French the speech of a gentleman of education?"

I had simply surprised him before; now he was interested. He looked at me more closely with a puzzled frown.

"How can monsieur ask that?" he said. "You certainly are of French birth, are you not?"

I shook my head.

"It may be," I said. "I do not know."

He, as well as I, had forgotten for the moment where we were, but the next moment we got a sharp reminder.

My comic mercologist had come to the end of his string of pleasantries and had given me the cue to the introduction of one of his songs. There was a moment of confusion when I failed to respond. He peered over the footlights into the little well where I was supposed to sit, and remarked my absence; and at the same time Lynch, from his post of general observation, discovered where I was. He bore down upon me in a rage.

"What're you doin' here?" he demanded, seizing me roughly by the arm. "This is no time for you to get looney. Go back to that piano, and be quick about it."

To make sure his orders were carried out, he retained his hold on my arm and piloted me down the aisle. There was a general craning of necks and scraping of chairs. The crowd seemed to be scenting another row. Rather humiliated by the situation in which I found myself, I asked Lynch to let go my arm, saiyng that I would go directly to the piano myself.

The sound of my voice had a curious effect on one of the men whose table I was passing. He was one of a party of three, the other two facing me. They were clearly of a much higher social order than the average frequenters of the resort, but this fact was not apparent from their manners, for they were drunk to the point of being boisterous. The third man, whose face I could not see, was presumably in the same condition, but at the sound of my voice as I spoke to Lynch in passing him, he started as if stung, and turned half round.

Luckily for me he turned the wrong way, and was balked in his evident intention of getting a look at me, but I caught a quarter view of his face, and that was enough to bring the old numbing terror back over me again. The man was young Duggleby!

The table where he and his companion sat was not more than three or four paces from my piano. I must have played the song perfectly automatically, for I have no recollection whatever of anything going on during the next few minutes, except the conversation of those three men. My ears picked it out from the midst of all the tumult. The noise I myself was making at the piano, the raucous voice of the comedian, the clatter of glasses and of plates, were all to me as if they had been silenced

"I tell you I know him," Duggleby kept repeating, emphasizing his remarks by pounding with his glass upon the table. "Know him? I'd know him in Egypt."

"Oh, you're drunk," said one of his friends. "Shut up!"

And the second man said:

"They will chuck us out in a minute. You know they're glad of the advertisement they get by throwing a gentleman out of a sty like this."

"I know I'm drunk," said Duggleby. "Have I said I wasn't? Is there any man here who can tell me that I'm not drunk, or that I said I wasn't? But I'm not going to be drunk any more. I can't afford to."

"Oh, come," laughed one of the others. "The night's young."

"Not on your life," said young Duggleby. "You two can make blind fools of yourselves if you like, but I tell you for the time being I can't afford it. Drink what you like; I'm going to have coffee. I mean to be sober in ten minutes."

And it soon became apparent that by sheer will power he was doing exactly as he said. My heart sank deeper and deeper, as every succeeding sentence he uttered showed that he was bringing his wandering wits into better and better control.

It was evident to me then, if it had not been before, how serious my escape had alarmed those two rich, formidable Dugglebys. Evidently my success in finding the man I sought and reestablishing my own identity would spell disaster to both of them.

Duggleby was speaking again.

"Now listen you two," he said. "I am sober. Understand that, and don't start a row when I get up to do what I am going to do now. There won't be any row unless you start it. But if one of you tries to hold me he's going to get hurt.

"I'm going up to have a look at that man at the piano. When I leave this place you get up and follow me out. I shall want your help."

And still I sat there, playing over and over again the jigging bars of the dance tune that accompanied the flying feet of the comedian. What else was there to do? Evidently he never dreamed that I could have overheard what he was saying to his friends for the sole purpose of the trick he played was to deceive me.

He deliberately assumed the condition he had actually been in not a quarter of an hour before. He staggered as he rose from his chair and came reeling down the aisle, smiling with the drunken satisfaction of one who thinks he is about to do something exquisitely funny.

That reeling gait is deceptive. A man can go faster that way than he can walk, except with the obvious appearance of haste. Before any of the waiters or the bystanders could come to my assistance, he had pulled me around on the stool, flung his arms around me, and embraced me as if I had been his long-lost brother.

The manoeuvre gave him time enough

to shoot one blazing, searching glance straight into my face, a look as little drunken, as swift, as purposeful as a fencer's thrust.

Of course it was over in a moment. Lynch himself was only half a dozen paces off, and before I could get my breath he and one of the waiters were bundling Duggleby off down the aisle.

I saw through the trick, but I am sure it would have deceived me had I not overheard his previous conversation. He wanted to avoid alarming me unnecessarily, and hoped that even if I recognized him and knew how much I had to fear from him, I should still believe his act to have been one of mere drunken folly, of which he would have no recollection when he should awake with a bad headache the next morning.

If that interpretation of his action were correct—and I could think of no other—I felt with sickening certainty that he must be at that very moment laying his plans to capture me before the night was out. I was safe, in all probability, for just so long as the crowd remained in the saloon and I stuck to my piano-stool.

When I reached that conclusion, the time which had crept so slowly suddenly began to fly. The minutes, the fives, the quarters, marked by the small clock which stood upon the piano, sped by as if on wings, and still I could think of no plan that seemed to promise even a faint hope of escape.

There were three of them, and undobutedly Duggleby would be able to enlist more in his service, if he felt it necessary to make assurance doubly sure. They were clad in motoring clothes, I vividly remembered, and that meant an automobile. It turned me sick to think that that automobile was likely to make a record run out to Dr. Berry's asylum this very night.

I ran over in my mind the list of acquaintances I had made here in the saloon during the past two weeks, in the hope of finding some one to whom I could appeal for help.

Lynch himself was out of the question. The man, I was convinced, was a thorough-going rogue, and would take whatever course might seem to offer the best immediate cash return. Indeed, I had very little doubt that Duggleby had fixed him already. He was nowhere in sight.

I turned about for a second and cast a glance at the entrance to the saloon, at the far side of the hall. Already people were going out in streams, but I fancied that amid the crowd I saw one figure holding its place, a figure clad in a long motoring-coat.

My margin of safety now could only be reckoned by minutes. The waiters were yawning; the performers who came on the stage were of the sort known in the slang of the Rialto as "chasers." In another half hour, at the most, I should be abandoned to the mercy of my enemies.

And then from a source from which I never dreamed of expecting it aid came. A waiter brought a visiting card and laid it on the piano-rack. It was engraved with the name and title of "Dr. Charles Marie de Villiers," of Paris, Member of the French Academy of Medicine. On the back was written in French:

I believe you are in difficulty.

The table where he and his companions sat was not more than a few paces from the piano

Will you not accept such aid as I may be able to render you?

It was indiscreet, but I could not help swinging abruptly around on the piano-stool. There sat the Frenchman, the man in evening dress whom I had assisted earlier in the evening. It had never occurred to me that he had not left the place hours before.

I caught his eye, and he shot me an almost imperceptible signal to turn back again to the piano. He, too, had probably seen the man in the motor-coat waiting in the doorway, and he had perceived that his aid would be immensely more valuable to me if the spy had no suspicion that it was about to be given.

The mere knowledge that he was there, that he had waited to help me, that I was no longer alone with my back against the wall, acted on my mind like a powerful stimulant. A plan flashed into my mind on the instant. Pulling a sheet of music from the top of the piano, I wrote upon it as fast as I could make my fingers fly:

"A thousand thanks. I am going out through the door that leads into the kitchen. I will wait at the other side of it. If the spy at the door disappears, or if he comes down the aisle, as if in pursuit of me, pound on the table with your glass. They will think you are calling a waiter."

I wrote, of course, in French. then I nodded to the waiter who had brought me the card:

"This is the sheet of music the gentleman wishes to see," said I. "Take it over to him."

I figured that upon seeing me disappear the spy would do one of two things; either bolt around outside the saloon to the rear entrance to warn the people there to be ready for me, or else pursue me through the saloon itself. In either case I should answer the doctor's signal by coming immediately back into the saloon.

If the spy rushed around to the back door, as I thought it more than likely he would, the doctor and I could walk out of the front entrance unmolested. In case he pursued me—well, it would be only man to man, and I imagined that I could give a good account of him and still make my escape through the main door.

It was only a moment before I heard the doctor's signal. The spy had disappeared, as I thought it more than likely he would. The doctor and I walked rapidly toward the door.

"You have repaid my small favor a thousandfold," said I, "for unless I am altogether insane I was in a very serious difficulty when you came to the rescue. I hope soon to have a chance to thank you more adequately for having got me out of it."

"I have not yet got out of it," he said shortly. "Don't make that mistake. That young man who sobered himself by sheer force of will and then shammed drunk to get a look at you is no fool, and it was he who stood guard at the door yonder. He had put on his friend's motor-coat and cap. Oh,

no, we are not done with him yet."

There was a sort of repressed thrill of joy in his voice as if, except for his sympathy for me, he found an adventure of this sort very much to his taste.

"Well," said I, "if you will walk with me as far as the platform where the express trains leave for Brooklyn, that will make my safety secure enough."

"I won't put you on a train," he said. "I have an automobile here, and I sha'n't leave you until I have got you home."

I laughed. "I have no home in the world," said I

He made a sort of grimace at that, but rather as though my admission made the adventure all the more agreeable to him.

We had got out into the street without molestation. Surf Avenue was emptying fast, but there was still enough of a crowd to make the picking out of any individual a difficult matter.

"He's lost us, I think," said I.

The Frenchman only shook his head.

"Well, then, what do you think he means to do?" I questioned.

"If I knew," he said shortly, "the excitement of this affair would then be at an end;" and then he added:

"Don't talk any more; don't say another word. My automobile is in the shed there, down this alley. Here's where we lose or win."

Just beyond us was a blaze of light which made the little alley all the blacker. This circumstance seemed to trouble the doctor.

"I was fool enough not to have crossed the street," he whispered, "and come up from the other side."

We turned to the left and started down the alley toward the automobile-shed. I noticed there were two cars there. A second later the doctor uttered an exclamation of alarm, and the next moment my arms were pinioned from behind.

CHAPTER V.

THE FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

DUGGLEBY'S two friends had me in a grip which no man, not a Hercules, could break.

In the light of calm reflection it is easy to see how my keen-eyed enemy had been able to spring his trap with such certainty of success. He had, no doubt, detected the keen interest the French doctor was taking in me long before I received the visiting-card with its offer of aid.

He had, no doubt, guessed that a French gentleman in full evening dress would not have been likely to come to Coney Island by so plebeian a method of transportation as the elevated railway or the iron steamboat. A half hour's search among the garages at the island would have sufficed to locate the doctor's automobile.

Then, when, from his position at the door, he had seen the signal pass between the Frenchman and me he had done an audacious but perfectly reasonable thing. He had withdrawn his two friends from their now unnecessary watch at the other entrances to the building, and the three of them together had lain in wait in the dark little alley.

Duggleby's own automobile, a big red American car, stood alongside the trim gray machine which was waiting for us. Of the doctor's chauffeur there was no sign.

Duggleby himself had taken no part in my capture, but stood drawing on his gloves, ready to mount to his seat at the steering-wheel. He was disposed to be ironically polite to the doctor.

"That gentleman is going to ride with us," he said, nodding to me. "I am sorry to deprive you of his company, but I expect to enjoy it greatly myself."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. His manner expressed a slight shade of annoyance, but nothing more than that, and his words made my heart sink like lead:

"I have no serious claim to oppose to that of monsieur," said he, "especially since his seems so pressing."

Then he turned to me with another shrug and an expressive little gesture of his hands. He spoke to me in French, and everything about his manner and his inflection seemed to indicate that he was making a polite apology for leaving me in the lurch. But his words were:

"Be of good heart. When I range alongside, be ready."

As he turned away he made a small blunder, or what looked like it, which, after the perfect coolness he had shown throughout, took us all a little by surprise.

He turned and made as if to enter Duggleby's car instead of his own. Then perceiving his mistake with some appearance of embarrassment, he turned away and clamered into the other machine.

Simultaneously I was bundled with scant ceremony into the tonneau of Duggleby's car, his two friends taking their positions one od either side of me.

"No!" said Duggleby emphatically, in answer to the whispered suggestion from one of his friends. "It's no use, I tell you. We can't tie him. How should we go through town like that? Keep your shoulders behind his; that's all that's necessary."

The doctor's chauffeur, who had arrived at last, was cranking unsuccessfully at his car as we shot out of the alley and into the broad, almost deserted street. The plight of the French car seemed to afford some amusement to my captors.

"He won't get away in a hurry," said one.

"Trust Duggleby for that," said the other.

"What was it he did to it?"

The first man leaned behind me and whispered hoarsely behind his hand

"The cock between the gasoline tank and the—" he began but his whisper which was easily audible to me, had reached Duggleby's ears also.

"Shut up, you fool!" he said.

There was silence after that, until Duggleby himself broke it:

"Do you know," he asked—"I don't suppose you care to tell me, but you really might as well—do you know why the doctor pretended to make a mistake so that he could get a look into my car?"

None of us answered He laughed shortly.

"You want a name to be called by, do you? Well then, do you know, Mr. Andrew Meiklejohn?"

Of course he had no idea that he could get any information from me, even if I had it I think his only purpose in addressing me at all was if possible, to engage me in conversation. He must have been intensely curious as to what sort of thoughts and memories were in my head Even a deliberate attempt to mislead him might reveal much. So I maintained an unbroken silence.

He drove that car, as I imagine he does everything else with a fine blend of judgment and audacity, and a very high degree of manual skill Fields hedges, buildings, clumps of trees were pouring past us in appalling confusion, which proclaimed all too plainly the terrible speed at which we were running. Up over our heads the big arc lamps which lighted the driveway rushed by like an orderly procession of comets If we kept up that pace it seemed unlikely that any car in the world would ever range alongside, but I kept up my courage and blindly pinned my faith to the doctor.

Suddenly I became aware that I could see my own shadow on the polished back of the seat in front of me The arc lamps overhead could not cast that shadow It could only come from a light near the level of the road, from the search-light of an automobile. Slowly the shadow grew more distinct as the light which defined it became brighter.

Fast as we were flying, a silent gray car behind us was flying faster still.

I did not turn my head, did not move my quietly relaxed body in the smallest degree but every nerve every muscle every thought, every faculty of mind and body, was ready I found it easy to be of good heart now. Neither of

the two men beside me appeared to notice anything. One of them, indeed, seemed half asleep. But the man at the wheel was alert enough to make up for it.

The first flash of silver light on the corner of his mud-guard, of a light that could only come from behind, was enough to tell him the whole story. He did not turn his head any more than I did.

"Look out behind, one of you," he commanded, "and see if you can see anything."

At that both men turned with a start.

"There's a pair of head-lights," said one, "coming down the road after us to beat the devil."

"Is it the French machine, or is it not?" demanded Duggleby. "That's what I want to know."

"It don't say anything about that on the head-light," replied my other guard, "but he's burning up the road all right. We're not exactly standing still ourselves—"

We were going so fast that the pressure of air on our faces made it difficult to breathe, and the man's words were torn from his mouth and blown away like a smoke-wreath in a hurricane. But with all our speed, the reflection on the polished seat in front of me grew brighter and brighter. How that car was rushing on!

My two guards, breathless and hatless, were craning around to look. They seemed to have quite forgotten me. I never stirred from my upright position between their knees, never moved my head, never took my gaze from the shadow of myself on the seat in front.

Its position with reference to my own made it perfectly clear that the car was coming up exactly behind us, which seemed a curious thing to do if it hoped to pass. I suspect the manœuver puzzled young Duggleby not a little, for he asked irritably:

"What's he doing back there? Can't you make out?"

Before either of them could answer, I saw my shadow move suddenly to the right. Our pursuer was pulling out to the left, with the evident intention of passing us.

The new position of the shadows told Duggleby exactly what it had told me. It was the move that he had been expecting, and he was ready for it. Our car deflected to the left also.

The next moment, by a trick of steering which would have done honor to the winner of the Gordon Bennett cup—a trick which would have spelled instant diasater had it not been executed with consummate skill—the driver of the pursuing car made a sharp reverse curve and ranged alongside of us on the right.

The two men in the tonneau with me were gasping in plain undisguised terror. The car was passing us so close, even at that appalling speed, that the hubs of our wheels could hardly have been three inches apart.

"Be ready when I range alongside."

That sentence of the doctor's was ringing in my mind. Well, I was ready, and one or more long seconds would probably reveal to me for what.

Suddenly the man at my right uttered a horrified outcry, and in that instant I saw an uplifted hand shoot out from the covered body of the doctor's car, a hand that held, poised and ready to deal a terrible blow, a heavy steel spanner. The thought in all our minds at that instant was that the doctor meant to brain Duggleby with it as he passed by. If he did, that

I nodded to the waiter who had brought me the card

blow would kill five men. At the pace we were going, at least, it would be a miracle if any one of us in either car escaped alive.

The blow fell, but not upon Duggleby's defenseless head.

I knew now why the doctor had wanted a look at the dashboard of the big American car. The spanner fell with terrific force upo, the little mahogany box containing the spark-coil and vibrators, wrecking it utterly. There would not be another explosion in one of Duggleby's cylinders that night. The car would keep on going just so long as its momentum lasted, and not another foot. Already our speed was slackening rapidly.

I have said that my two captors had forgotten all about me in the excitement of the moment. When the blow fell I was braced for the effect of it, and thrust myself sharply backward. Duggleby's command that my guards should keep their shoulders, behind mine had not been lost on me. But it had apparently been lost on them. The sudden slackening of our speed and their curiosity to see what had happened combined to make them lean far forward.

In that instant Duggleby showed his true mettle. He did something which neither the doctor nor I had foreseen, and which, except for the stupidity of his two friends, might have foiled the doctor's plan for my rescue.

Across the road in the shadow of the trees a narrow driveway, flanked by two heavy stone pillars, led into what appeared to be a large private yard, surrounded by a high brick wall. A second after the blow was struck, Duggleby turned sharp to the left and made for this driveway.

For a moment it looked as though we were to be dashed to pieces against the farther pillar, but the man at the wheel had calculated better than that. The thing was only just possible, but he made it. The doctor's chauffeur, evidently unprepared for such a manœuver, was holding straight on down the road.

Duggleby's plan was at once apparent. Before the doctor's car could be stopped, and before he and the chauffeur could come in pursuit of us, I was to be dragged out of the car, tapped on the head with something heavy, if necessary, and hidden away in the woods behind the house. In the game of hide-and-seek which would ensue, the odds would be in my enemy's favor again.

But as it happened I was ready, and my two guards were not. I was pressed against the back of the tonneau-seat, and they were both leaning forward when our car made its unexpected and violent swing to the left. That alone would have been enough to throw them off their balance for a moment, but I did not rely on that.

Seizing the man at my left about the waist, I flung him with all my might against his fellow, who went half-way out of the car with the violence of the shock.

Then, like a flash, I sprang to my feet on the seat of the tonneau and vaulted out into the road behind. Of course I had a bad fall, but that was only to be expected. In a second I was on my feet again.

Before Duggleby knew what had happened, I was outside the gate and running down the road to meet the doctor. In two minutes more I was

Continued on page 219.

Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White

"That money just carried us along till times were better. We're better off now, but might have been dead or worse."

THE farmer for whose benefit the stories had been told had up to this time remained silent. As the school teacher finished his story he spoke. "I reckon that old gentleman in the corner there is a farmer, like me," he said. "I don't deny but your stories are interesting and there is ground for thought in 'em, but I'd like to hear from him."

The old gentleman thus mentioned smiled slightly and cleared his throat. "You are right," he said. "I am a farmer or rather I was up to a few years ago. I carry insurance and while a lot of things led up to my taking out a policy, there was one thing or rather one chain of events that brought me to the point. I was married some 15 years ago and three years later we had two little ones. I had been canvassed by insurance agents two or three times while in town and once by an agent who drove up in a buggy to the farm. I was willing to admit their arguments, but I could not see my way clear to spend the money somehow and besides I had the same feeling that a man has when a book agent comes around. I figured he was trying to sell me something I did not need and that made me antagonistic.

"This chap in the buggy did sell a policy to my neighbor on the left, young Silas Watkins, but Si's brother Frank, who lived to the right of my place, turned down the offer. Both were middle-aged men and both had families pretty well along toward manhood and womanhood. We three often met and it sometimes made me think the way Si talked and the satisfaction he seemed to get out of his 'protection,' as he called it. Frank just laughed and said it was too much like gambling with death to go into.

"Well, the next summer the hot winds hit us and our crops were a failure. The next year the grasshoppers came and the year after was another drought. It just about ruined the country. I was forced to sell out at a big sacrifice and move. Si and Frank allowed they would try another year.

"It was ten years afterwards that I went back to the country. Si and Frank were both dead. The year after I left a flood had broken the dam up the valley and Si had gone down in its waters. Frank had fallen from the barn roof a few months later. I had heard that Frank's family, the mother, the girl and the two boys, had moved to town. Si's folks stayed on the farm.

"Well, as I stepped off the train at the depot I came face to face with Jim Grey, the constable. He had a young fellow with him and I could see the gleam of a handcuff on his wrist. Jim was taking him to the prison farm. I stared at the poor fellow, a thin, pale,

frightened young lad, and something familiar about him led me to ask his identity It was Frank's oldest boy. He had been caught stealing. I had just time to wring his hand when the train pulled out

'Over at the hotel I asked about him. The clerk told me the story. Mrs. Watkins had moved to town when Frank died and had started a little millinery store. They had sold the farm for a song. Couldn't do otherwise, it seems. It was pretty hard scrimping, I guess, because Frank was a generous provider and the family had never known a want. It was especially hard on Millie, the daughter. She had to give up school and her pretty clothes and her piano. She had planned on going to college too, but she just had to settle down with her mother in that shabby little store. I guess the disappointment must have sort of preyed on her mind or something, because it wasn't long before the women in town used to whisper when she went by and the drummers in the hotel heard about her down the road. She would appear in some new bit of finery and wear it defiant like, as if she knew the whole town knew where she got it. Wasn't long before her brother, the oldest one, heard about it, and then the youngest. He was still in school and the day he heard it he came home crying, the young savages there had taunted him about it Nobody knew what became of him. He just disappeared that night. Bill, he's the oldest, began to change too. He was working in a grocery store and taking his wages home regular to his mother, but the shame of the thing seemed to get him It wasn't long till he took to drink and the stealing followed. Mrs Warren had gone to live with Si's folks out at their farm. Up to that time she was too proud to take help from 'em.

'Gentlemen, that story worried me a lot. I just couldn't seem to rest comfortable until I had hired a rig and gone out to Si's. It was spring and the things were green and pretty, and the orchards were pink and white with blossoms. When I got to Si's place the farmer heart of me just jumped. The fields were just perfect and the grain was coming up strong and even, and the fences were all up and the barn was new, and the house was painted and looked prosperous. Some real blooded cattle were standing in the creek and the chicken yard looked like a snow storm with the bigness of the flock of Leghors. Mrs. Si was standing on the porch as I drove up and she looked happy and contented like There was just one shadow. A little old woman in a black dress that was sitting in the sunshine with her head bowed and the tears falling in her lap. It was Frank's widow. There was nothing I could do but shake her hand —hard.

"Mrs. Si took me in and during the day she told me the story all over again. 'I just thank the Lord,' she said, 'that it wasn't my family. I sometimes think that perhaps if we had been in their position it might have all happened to me. We are all human and weak and hunger and poverty are mighty strong in their temptation. It was the foresight of Si in having insurance that saved us. I tell you that money just carried us along till times were better and let us live and work. We are well off now, but we might have been dead or worse.'

"I have a family myself, gentlemen, as I told you, and they were just the age that Frank's children were when ruin came. It didn't need no more to tell me what to do. I took out a policy when I got back home and I've kept it up, thank the Lord, ever since.

But one man remained of the ten that had gathered together for the "experience meeting" as the insurance man had dubbed it.

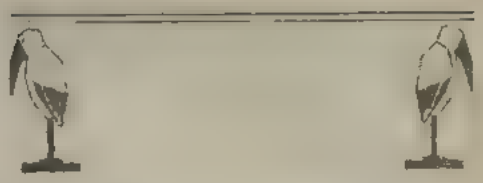
The travelers now turned to him expectantly.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I don't know as I am qualified. My policy was first taken out when I was 18 years old and was really taken out by my father in his own favor. He paid the premiums and I was little more than a lay figure. However, four years later when I married I had the policy changed over to my wife's name and kept it up myself. My story would deal with the day I determined to allow it to lapse and what prevented it. If that will pass muster I will give you the yarn."

The travelers readily agreed to this and the last of the ten began.

"I am a real estate man by profession," he declared, "and while I am now doing well enough the first few years of my married life saw me in pretty tight places many a time. We figured things down to the last penny, my wife and I, and cut out every unnecessary expense. We seldom, if ever, went out, as this would mean expense or the return of hospitality a little later, with its cost of food, flowers and what not. The first year business was bad, but the next year it was worse, and one Saturday night my wife and I sat down with a bit of paper to face the problem. We talked and planned and figured. It was almost hopeless, but at last we thought we could see our way clear for the next month by putting off a bill here and there and paying only parts of others.

"Just as we were about to pass over the matter my wife suddenly exclaimed, 'The insurance.' I could only stare



A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesman back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesmen wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him, but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.

blankly. Then I remembered my quarterly payment was due the next day. I had enough money in my pocket to meet it, but there were a score of other things that seemed absolutely necessary. 'We'll have to let it drop,' I finally ventured. 'There is nothing else, John,' answered my wife. 'Although I hate to. What would become of me if anything happened to you? I would be helpless?'

"It was true enough, but I could only shake my head and declare that nothing was going to happen to me. In fact, I soon insisted on this fact so strongly that I began to believe it myself and my hopes rose and I did not feel so badly about the lapsed policy. This was in the old days, gentlemen, before the policy holder was protected as he is now on first lapses. If I did not pay the premium when it was due I lost the policy.

"Well, the next morning I started out with my horse and buggy to meet a prospective customer. I planned to start early and stop in at my insurance company's office and inform them of my desire to drop the policy. I had a rather sleepy old horse and one that I had driven for years. On my way down I scarcely gave a thought to my insurance, my mind being taken up with arguments to use on my land prospect. My way led me across several street car tracks and then down the main street of my city. As I drew near to the corner where I turned the sound of music came to my ears and I remembered that the circus was in town. In fact, in another minute I saw the gleam of sunshine on the tinsel and gilt of the wagons as the parade swept down the street. I drew into the curb and waited as interested as a boy in the wonders of the show.

"As the parade drew nearer and nearer I suddenly noticed my horse. Her ears were erect and her eyes rolled back while she stepped nervously from side to side. I laughed outright. 'Whoa, Nell," I called, 'you're too old for such tricks.'

"The words were hardly out of my mouth before she bolted. At first I was merely angry and jerked and hauled at the reins with a savage hand. The next moment I was frightened. One of the reins broke close to the bit and with an added lunge the old horse tore away down the street. Ahead of me I could see a large vacant space of several lots and along the front of them at right angles with my course lay a car track. A car was humming swiftly along and it needed but a glance to see that horse and car would meet unless a miracle intervened.

"I tell you I faced death for the next minute with all its horrors. I have heard that people in like places often see a flashing review of their lives with all their bad deeds standing out especially clear. With me I saw not the past or even the near future when I would probably be a mangled bit of flesh, but the distant future after I was gone and my wife was left alone. I saw only her agony at the news, her sorrow at the funeral and then the weary road of the future she must tread alone. I saw her slaving away her life in factory and sweat shop, in store and mill.

"And then it came to me that my policy was still good.

I just had time to give vent to a little mental prayer when the crash came. It was just a great noise, a flashing of lights and a sinking away into a cloud of blackness. When I came to I was in the back room of a drug store and someone was bathing my head. A doctor was bending over me and telling me that I was not hurt beyond a bump on the head and a few bruises. I managed to get to my feet and in ten minutes I was all right though still shaking with nervousness. I left the store and caught a street car for home. I had not gone the first block until I was ringing the bell for it to stop. I almost ran across the street and caught another car going in the opposite direction. In ten minutes more I was thrusting my money at the insurance man's clerk and demanding a receipt. It took some hard sledding to make it up, but I did it and though times have been as hard or even harder with me since I have never considered for a moment dropping my insurance."

As he finished the farmer for whose benefit the tales had been told drew from his pocket a fountain pen. "I want to sign an application," he said. There was a shout of delight. "Whose story convinced you," they shouted. With a smile he answered and the successful man shook hands with him warmly. "Why did that story convince you?" they asked. There was a sudden jar and the train so long still moved slowly on its way. The wreck was cleared away at last. As the train moved on faster and faster the farmer told why he was convinced of the desirability of insurance.

WHAT DID HE TELL THEM?

The Weary Hands

By W. D. Nesbit

SLEEP comes to weary fingers first of all.
Though o'er the drowsy eyes the lashes fall
And soothing peace sweeps in upon the soul
As though the vast eternal ocean wide
Came in a silent, heart-enthralling tide
Upon whose breast no crashing billows roll.

Sometimes it seems that sleep creeps in and stands
And pityingly holds us by the hands
While day's hard tasks still linger in the mind—
But softly lie the fingers wan and worn
With all the heavy burdens they have borne,
For sleep is ever sweet and ever kind.

How gently fall the fingers that are tired—
Aweary of the quest of things desired,
Aweary of the labors of the day
They clutch at sleep insensibly; and rest
Comes to them in a portion doubly blest,
And toil and task are half a world away.

O, weary hands all over all the earth—
The hands that do the work that is of worth,
Or calloused hands, or hands both white and small—
When night sends us her mystic Jullabies
That whisper in the murmur of the breeze,
Sleep comes to weary fingers first of all.

A Believer in Luck

By Helen Brooks

FRED HOPPER rolled his half-read newspaper into his overcoat pocket and pushed and elbowed his way through the subway crowd. He passed through the familiar uptown streets, thronged with men and women hurrying home from work, and turned eastward, thinking, as he had thought nearly every evening for the past ten years, how good it would be to get off his shoes and collar and sit down to dinner.

"Let's see, it's wash day. Rose will probably have stew, or something easy."

Turning into the flat-building which sheltered him, he began his weary tramp up the four flights of shabbily carpeted stairs that led to his apartment. As he opened the door a steaming, soapy odor of boiling clothes gushed out from the kitchen. Mrs. Hopper glanced up without greeting him. She rested a parboiled hand on the tub against which she was leaning, and with the other pushed back a damp, straggling lock of hair.

"Go in and sit down," she said. "The table's set and I'll be in in a minute."

Her husband remained staring in the doorway. "Well, you're a fine housekeeper, you are, with washing hanging round till half past five and no dinner."

"I told you I'd bring it in presently. I've had my hands full to-day; Tommy's been home from school, sick. If I could only send the washing out, I'd warrant your dinner would be on time." She wrung out the last piece and dropped it into the basket beside her.

The angry red surged upward from Hopper's collar. "That's right, throw it up to me that I don't make enough to live decently on. If ever a man was worth more than he's getting, I am. I've worked like a dog for the company for ten years, and what credit do I get? Some little sawed-off comes in there and gets raised inside of a month, and it's all my fault of course—throw it up to me!"

Grumbling, he strode into the front room, pulling off his collar with an angry jerk and throwing it violently on the table. A little girl was sitting by the window, reading; at sight of him she ran toward him eagerly, crying, "Halloo, papa!"

"Go into the bedroom, May, and bring me my slippers," he ordered, spreading out his rumpled paper on his knee.

Mrs. Hopper made several trips to and from the kitchen and presently summoned him to dinner. The meal progressed silently, his wife too tired to talk and the little girl afraid to risk her father's displeasure. Afterwards he began searching for his pipe,

pushing the books and papers on the table aside in his irritation.

"Where's my pipe?" he demanded. "Can't I ever have anything left where I put it?" His wife found it for him and brought him a match. Presently, with his feet elevated on a chair, he threw back his head and began puffing, gradually forgetting his recent irritation. Rose fell to work on a basket of socks badly in need of darning.

"I wouldn't be surprised to see something doing at the office before long," he said, after a pause. "There's a lot of talk among the operators, and Stetson told me on the quiet that the president and the superintendent had a long talk together yesterday."

"You mean there's likely to be a strike?" asked his wife. He noticed how worn and old her face was growing. "I hope you won't get mixed up in it." She let her hands fall idly in her lap. They were graceful hands, despite their roughness.

"Lord, no! The clerks have nothing to do with it, it's only the operators gassing about their rights, and shorter hours, and a ten per cent. raise; it's been going on for weeks. They've got as far as sending a representative in to see the president, and if that representative don't get the satisfaction they want, they'll strike; and I hope to God they do! I'd like to see the Metropolitan Telegraph Company stung good and plenty. They haven't used me right. If I knew of another job I'd get out darned quick." He spat violently.

"Well," Rose replied, picking up the stocking in her lap, "they'd get somebody else in your place all right, and you wouldn't gain much. Fred, I hate to see you always taking sides against the people you work for—you ought to be with them. It's your bread and butter. But I don't see why they don't raise you."

"Aw, what do you know about it, anyway?" He grew belligerent again. "I've given up trying to please you. You're picking on me all the time, no matter what I try to do."

She did not reply, shutting her lips tightly on the bitter words that sprang to them, and there ensued a long silence, each following different thoughts. The children needed new clothes, and she was wondering how much of his month's salary would be left after the current household expenses had been paid. His mind had returned to affairs at the office.

"Carter's very low," resumed Hopper, after several minutes. "They don't think he'll pull through the night. Gee, that's a swell job—four thousand per! I wonder who'll have the luck to step into his shoes?"

The darning ball fell from Rose's hand as she turned eagerly toward him, her face lighting with a sudden hope. Despite years of gradual disillusionment, her heart still retained its recurrent, pitiful faith in him. It was the one thing that rendered her present existence endurable.

"You're in his office and you've been faithful for years—you don't suppose they'd——"

Her husband laughed shortly. He was one of those exasperating men who never answer a question directly. "I guess not! My luck doesn't run that way."

But long after he slept that night she lay awake, thinking of the past and of the appalling fact that in the near future there would be another to provide for—another whose insistent needs would mean a further drain on their meager income, already stretched to provide food, clothes, and an education for their two children. She had not yet summoned the courage to tell her husband. This new burden would bring him no joy, and the dread of awakening the irritation which was growing on him of late stilled the words on her lips. She knew that her failing strength was paying its tribute to the uphill pull of years and she saw the future stretching before her, gray and interminable. Suddenly covering her face with both hands and stifling her sobs in the pillow, she wept.

The next morning as Hopper neared the huge gray Telegraph building which stretched over half a block of the busiest downtown section, he felt impending trouble in the air of restlessness that pervaded the place. Men and boys hung about the doorways, scattering quickly when any of the officials passed in. As the morning wore on a vague uneasiness filled the building, despite the fact that each man went about his duties as usual.

Messenger boys hurried to and fro on the main floor, the bookkeepers, clerks, and stenographers in various departments worked on busily, and on the top floor telegraph instruments clicked unceasingly, with every operator at his key. Reporters, hearing rumors and scenting news, came and went, and were dismissed again and again with the assurance that there was nothing in the story of a threatened strike.

Hopper knew better. He had seen the union representative disappear within the private office of the president, and had watched till the man emerged with glowering countenance. Evidently the Company intended to stand firm. He knew what it meant, and his soul sickened at the siege that lay ahead. The Company would win, of course. He recalled the strike of 1898—the recklessness and arrogance of the operators that marked the beginning, the gradual weakening of the belligerents and their final return in groups of two and three, gaunt, hungry eyed, and threadbare, begging to be taken back at a third, sometimes a half, less than their former wages. He could still see the officials' stern, set faces, the angry mobs that waited outside the entrances to the building. One of the things that had impressed him most was the rumor that throughout the siege the president had carried a revolver for self-protection.

His hand trembled as the scene came vividly back to him, and a drop of red ink glided off his pen and fell upon the neat page of his ledger. It was characteristic of Hopper that his desk was a marvel of precision. Its drawers disclosed neat packages of labeled letters, references, and accounts, his files were never mixed, date following date with accuracy. Each month he presented his statement on the same day following his custom of years. His mind, trained in its course, made its rounds mechanically. It was a matter of pride to him that in all the years he had audited accounts he had never made a serious error nor been called to account by one of his superiors.

The day passed quietly, and another morning started with no apparent change. Hopper began to hope that a compromise had been effected that would avert the threatened calamity. He put on his hat and coat at precisely a quarter of twelve and went over to the little dairy lunch which he patronized. He drank his glass of milk, ate his sandwich and invariable piece of pie, lighted his fifty-for-a-dollar cigar, and passed out. He was essentially a man of habit and any departure from the routine of his life, however slight, disturbed him. He mingled with the noon-time crowd, intent upon his disquieting thoughts. At the entrance of the Telegraph building he recognized two detectives apparently loafing and realized then that there was no chance that the trouble would be settled amicably.

Pausing for his mild, daily flirtation with one of the telephone girls, an associate hailed him from behind a desk in the receiving department.

"Hear the news?" he asked. "Carter's dead! I just sent up the telegram. Died this morning, early. The superintendent's all broke up over it. Gee, it's fierce, ain't it—a strike comin' any minute and him gone?"

Hopper shot upstairs in the elevator. As he got off at the fourth floor sounds of angry altercation reached him. Two operators were quarreling.

"To h—— with the Company," said one, a whiff of liquor accompanying the words. "We'll show 'em a thing or two, the dirty dogs! It won't be

long, now," he said, thickly. "Do you know who's backin' us? Mason, the national leader. He used to be one of us and he's got a million dollars behind him. Where'd it come from? I don't know and don't care. He's got it, that's all. We'll show you something pretty all right."

Hopper shrank at the sinister tone of the man, with its suggestion of violence. He was glad that his own minor position protected him from any participation in the forthcoming battle. Under the circumstances he felt that he would not exchange places with the president for any price.

The suspense ended the following day. At ten o'clock came the report that the strike was on. Some one had jumped upon a desk in the operating room and blown a whistle. Instantly the storm that had been gathering force for several weeks burst and cleared the air so tensely charged with excitement. Heavy footsteps resounded down the marble stairs, and loud, defiant voices echoed through the corridors. The men surged from the building, cursing, threatening, cheering, the majority making their way, some already unsteady with liquor, to the neighboring saloons, a few remaining in groups projecting their views and opinions to the crowd that had paused, curiously, at the entrance, until they were taken in hand by the police.

In less than half an hour the buzzing excitement in the big building, subsided, and an air of intensity took its place. The perfect organization of the big corporation gradually brought about a semblance of order. Stenographers and clerks who could "send" and "receive" messages were immediately sent upstairs, and in a short time enough operators had been installed to handle the company's immediate business.

To Hopper, sitting at his desk on the floor below, the sudden quiet which followed the brief excitement made him vaguely apprehensive. A summons from the superintendent did not tend to restore his peace of mind; his uneasiness gave way to foreboding. Was there some serious error in his recent report which he had overlooked? He rose from his chair and stood still a moment, gathering himself together. He always shrank from an interview with the superintendent, whom he disliked without attempting to analyze his aversion. Opening the official's door softly, with anxious solicitude, he stood, smiling, his hands unconsciously rubbing themselves together. With a desire to propitiate, he began at once:

"I'm so sorry, sir, to hear of Mr. Carter's death. I know how you must feel it; you and he were such good friends——"

"There's no time for that now," returned the other man, transferring his attention from a pile of papers before him. It seemed to Hopper that his face was noticeably drawn and lined since the day before, and he contrasted it complacently with his own fresh coloring. "I want you to take charge of his desk. I haven't time to look up a new man in our present straits, so I'll give you a chance. You've been in Mr. Carter's office longer than anybody else—probably you've acquired some knowledge of his duties. Do the best you can, attend carefully to the details, and don't bother me with them. Mr. Doyle will take your former position. That's all."

The superintendent turned to his desk. Hopper could hardly believe he had heard aright. He made no attempt to go. "That's all," repeated the official a trifle impatiently, and the newly appointed chief clerk drew himself together with an effort. The other's impersonal attitude chilled the profuse thanks he would have uttered, and he left, silently.

In the quiet of the outer corridor he could feel the blood beating in his ears. Chief clerk of the Metropolitan Telegraph Company! The fact that he had at last come gloriously into his own dazed him, and the suddenness and lack of ostentation with which it had been accomplished left him gasping. If only the superintendent had come to him and given him this appointment in the presence of his office associates! The one big moment of his life had come sneaking upon him and taken him unawares. After the first glow of exultation there swept over him a faint resentment that there had been no blare of trumpets, no envious eyes to watch his triumph.

There was a murmur of surprise here and there as he strode in and ostentatiously unlocked his new desk; a few congratulations, and the little ripple of interest passed. The desk was just as Carter had left it a few days before, when he was stricken. As Hopper surveyed its comfortable appointments in contrast to the flat-topped affair he had just left, a disconcerting sense of the responsibility of his new job smote him. The pigeonholes crammed with important papers, the wire basket filled with letters yet unsigned, even the two thick cigars of a fine brand unfamiliar to Hopper that lay carelessly on the blotter, gave forth an indefinable impression of the competence of the man whose place he was taking.

Continued on page 218

"Tommy—poor, backward little Tommy, would be sent to private school"

Books and Their Makers

By Bookshelf

THERE is nothing more welcome these days to the man in the street—that vague personality which makes public opinion—than a more or less authentic account of how things are at the Front. "At the Front" is the one field for speculative conversation and writing: everybody's thoughts are there some of the time. Everybody's interest is there, has been there, will be there, and should be there too! Hence the acidity with which anything is listened to and anything is read, when the speaker or the writer has been "At the Front."

Stephen Leacock

There is some wheat but there is more chaff, and the man in the street may be pardoned if he expresses himself now and then as being "fed-up"—to steal the soldier's phrase—at the large percentage of chaff and the smaller of wheat. "At the War" by Lord Northcliffe (Hodder & Stoughton) is all wheat, for which praise be! It is packed from cover to cover with description of facts, and facts in all their baldness, often pleasant, sometimes the reverse. The average man and woman who reads the newspapers doesn't like the sound of Northcliffe's name. Many would wish to know if any good thing can come out of Northcliffe. They may be forgiven for so asking. He has been a very nuisance among men, a prickly thorn in the flesh of governmental Britain these many days. But if one may divorce his somewhat ugly personality from his book, the latter is a most importantly educative and entertaining book. It is so, primarily, because it is all-round in its theme and treatment. Its author gets a great deal into his 288 pages, a very great deal. One glimpses the soldier setting forth to France, and innumerable phases of his life there: his training, his raiding, actual conflict, air-service, and so on. Specially good is the section dealing with the extraordinarily efficient transportation system. One is amazed at the mental fertility of that part of the Allies' organization in large, and Great Britain's in small, to take care of railroad and other traffic. Moving men in their scores of thousands and supplies in their millions of pounds was an immense task facing the staff in France. In this book you may learn how it has been attended to and marvel at the organism in its present nearness to perfection. Lord Northcliffe is evidently mightily impressed with the colossal and splendid work of the British Red Cross Society and Association of the Church and Salvation Armies and Y. M. C. A. kind. He devotes much space to details not only of their organization behind the lines, but also to the kind of work they are doing, and, even more important, to proving that the money which the publics of Great Britain and the Greater Britains have subscribed, is well and wisely spent. He does us all a service in this regard, no less than that he does the associations referred to. If he were any but the unfortunate egoist he is, he might well leave out his continual hints that he "and my newspapers" were the first and are still the chief "works" of these immense machines of service. But egoist is Lord Northcliffe's second name.

The book is brightly written throughout. It is repertorial always, never literary, for Northcliffe could not be literary. But his genius for collection and dissemination of facts is undoubted. He is a veritable Mr. Gradgrind in this regard. "At the war" is an unquestionably important contribution to war literature. All the profits from the book will be given to the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John.

As to Humor

FOR all those (few!) real humorists who delight and entertain us by their writings we give humble and hearty thanks. There is so much drivel that passes for wit, and so much silliness that uses humor as a stalking horse that the genuine articles are the more welcome. Our professional humorists are often silly, frequently nonsensical, now and then humorous and, remarkably occasionally, witty. But "Bullets and Billets" is the real thing. It is an unusual book by an unusual man. The author is Bruce Bairnsfather: the publishers, Gordon and Gotch, of Toronto. Captain Bairnsfather is the greatest find of the war in the realm of art. He is talked of from one limit of the Empire to the other as the greatest humorous cartoonist and

artist of the war. His "Fragments from France" have been surpassingly clever and have amused the British Empire. But if, in his "Fragments" Bairnsfather has slain his thousands, in this new book he slays his tens of thousands. The cartoons are as appetizing as ever and their appeal is heightened by the letter-press, which has the same refreshing laughter in every line that is true of the drawings. Bairnsfather's humor is never forced: it is natural and simple, and for those reasons effective. He tells of life at the front and tells well, by description and drawing both. We need someone like Bairnsfather to cheer us up now and then. "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." There is so much to cry over these days that we may well try to see the other side of the medal. Bairnsfather is the surest of mirrors.

"A Sunny Subaltern"

THE spirit of cheer and optimism breathes through "A Sunny Subaltern Billy's Letters from Flanders," published in Toronto by McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart. The letters are those of a Canadian boy a lieutenant at the Front, to his mother. They were so naive and refreshing and sunny that his mother, I learn, gave permission for their publication and here they are in book form. The writer leaps from grave to gay and is never false in his tone. In the grist of war there is much tragedy as well as some comedy. "Billy" tells of both and does it amazingly well. His reader laughs with him and cries with him by turns. The net result of reading the book, however, is that one catches the buoyancy and gay courage of its author, and looks confidently, with "Billy," to a happy issue out of all their troubles, for the boys in France and Flanders.

STEPHEN LEACOCK has, by this time, given us much. He adds to the publication of his hilarity by "Further Foolishness" published by Mr. Gundy. This is a miscellaneous jumble of humor and near-humor, in the ratio of about (conservatively) one to five. But at that the near-humor may bring a wan smile to the cheek of the reader, while the humor should contribute to uproarious laughter. For Leacock when he is funny is *funny*. All sorts of things are dished up in "Further Foolishness" to make it appetizing. Those skits dealing with peace and war are topical and here and there clever. "Germany from within out" is one of the best things in the book. It is really good burlesque well done. On the other hand "Abdul Aziz" is thin. Leacock seems to be better in his modernistic satires. The whole section "Movies and Motors, Men and Women" is irresistibly funny, and for that section alone the book is worth buying and reading. A chapter dealing with "Grass Husbands" is excellent in its satirical power. "The White House from Without In" is good, too, but is unfortunately based upon a somewhat puerile conception of the views of Mr. Wilson. Altogether "Further Foolishness" fulfills its mission. Its title is very true.

A Really Big Novel

LAST year one of the most important novels was Ernest Poole's "The Harbour." This author has bettered even that magnificent achievement in "His Family," one of the sanest, brightest novels in years. It is of the life-novel class, if the hyphenated term may try to express what I mean. It is really the transcription of human experience, individual yet universal, conceived and executed with a passion for truth-telling in human relations and with all five senses full-alive to the beauty, and tenderness, the tragedy of the old-fashioned home-life in a world changed and fermenting.

In the story of Roger Gale, who came as a country lad to a young New York of horse cars and hoop-skirts, who built up a successful business in newspaper clippings, lost his wife at the prime of life, and settled down in the old home with three daughters of utterly different minds and temperaments. Ernest Poole has compressed into the pages of "His Family" a bit of veritable New York, vividly alive; a microcosm encompassing the past with its sacred tradition and the present with its modernism and revolt; the whole touched to sudden radiances by visions of a lost domestic life deeply moving in their beauty, and by scenes of a newer city life—a life of cafes, of motors, of feminine freedom of glamor and wealth.

Ernest Poole has set out to tell the tale of a human soul—the soul of Roger Gale—and it is in the delineation of this parent of a passing generation, of his tender relations with his daughter, whom he discovers, too late alas, to be grown up and incomprehensible, that Mr. Poole displays the humanities of his great art, the vision and spirituality of a writer who sees behind the physical mask of people and things and who understands that whatever significance, temporal or eternal, belongs to the process of generations and the conflict of ideals, it is to be sought alone in the human soul.

Every lover of the genuine things should read this story of Ernest Poole's. This is the stamp of Ernest Poole's work. And through his pages, behind his words, I see a calm, clear-eyed kindly face—the face of one who is both a watcher and a participator of human relations and who is wise enough and too thoroughly imbued with the science of the age to miss the great truth which eludes the lesser mind—namely, that the facts of life, the tangible materials of existence are but the skeleton, the frame-work of human intercourse.

At the Brink of Death

By Bertha F. Gordon

BEFORE I leap and lose myself below,
Give me one moment's look beyond the brink.
Volumes of fog, vast piles of rolling mists,
Make war upon each other like the waves.
I hear strong humming as of mighty winds,
And shock and crash, as if a myriad
Of toppling worlds were crushed and ground to dust.
And from their dissolution, whirling, rise
Sharp fumes and strange; and all the tingling air
Seems full of unseen thorns that prick and burn.
My soul is in my hand—I shall not fear.
Now shall I test the temper of that sword
That I have spent my life to weld and shet.
Through ills I dream not of, through agony
And ruin, I shall cleave my fiery way.
The heart within me burns like glowing wine,
And as the husk of earth slips from my soul,
The thrill of dawning godhood stirs within.
I swing my sword, and with a cry I leap.

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

AN editorial from the Toronto Mail and Empire which we reproduce in full calls attention to a type of soldier fighting in this war, the highest type indeed both in peace and war, the man of conscience who fights because he believes it to be his solemn duty to fight. Thousands of people who have read of "C— H—" or who will read of him must pray that he will return unwounded to Canada. He is the sort of citizen who can be ill spared.

C—H—

News has come to his home that C—H—, a young man who lived in or so near Toronto as to make no difference, has been gazetted a lieutenant. To those who knew him the case of C—H—, for in this instance the good old custom of the censorship must be followed, and credit withheld where it is due, is one of the most inspiring of the war. It has been generally supposed that the great majority of the soldiers who enlisted in the first contingent, who threw down their tools of trade at the first blast of war and rushed to arms, were lured by adventure, that they were fighting men who never backed away from an argument, and who would rather be in a muss than not. That may be so, but perhaps most of us knew an exception to the rule. C—H— was such an exception. He was not a fighting man. Probably he had never struck a blow in anger in his life, even when he was a schoolboy. He was not thirsting for adventure. He was not tired of home: nor did he yearn, so far as anyone knew, to see the great world outside of the narrow circle in which his life had been spent. C— H— was what is often contemptuously called a "goody-goody boy." He never played truant. He always went to Sunday school, even long after he was old enough to wear a moustache. He sang in the choir. He shook hands at the door. Maybe he gave his "experience" now and then. He was a good boy, and he looked it, and this may have been what exasperated a lot of people who knew him casually.

When the war began our friend C—H—, who was a Methodist, a Grit, and no doubt a member of the anti-cigarette and abolish-slang societies, had been married for a couple of years. He had one little baby. The only son, he was also, in a sense, the chief support of his father and mother and a sister, for the father's business had been slowly crumbling before the fierce assaults of local competition, and it was C— H— who was keeping the little ship afloat. A very short time after the war broke out C—H— said to his father, "Dad, I feel I ought to go." It must have been a blow to the father, and what a blow to the young wife and mother we can imagine; but if they sought to point out to C—H— that he was not a fighting man, that he had tremendous duties and responsibilities at home, that the place was full of single slackers, it made no impression upon C—H—. He enlisted as a private and soon this lad who had been gently, tenderly brought up, was roughing it in the mud at Salisbury Plain. He went to France later, was promoted from private to corporal, from corporal to sergeant and to sergeant-major. Now he is a lieutenant. Incidentally he has won the Distinguished Conduct Medal. His father is dead in the meantime; his business is gone. His wife, his sister and his mother pick up the paper in the morning with trembling fingers, for C— H— is still on the firing line somewhere in France. It would appear from all this that there are worse places than Sunday schools for building up character, that the best soldiers are not the roughnecks, and that you may know a man for years and know nothing at all about him if you have failed to make allowance for the part that devotion to what he believes to be right plays in his actions.

A FEATURE of the editorial page in the Toronto *Globe* on Saturdays for some time past is the nature article. It is an open secret that it is written by Mr. Sam Wood, who not long ago, published a book, entitled "The Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist." Some of Mr. Wood's articles are to be found in the Ontario Readers, and his Saturday contribution is always eagerly awaited by a large circle of readers. A typical article is "Snow's Enchanting Miracle," which recently appeared.

Enchanted groves may linger in the memory, among treasured heritages from the glowing imagination of childhood. It brings a renewal of the old delights to find them all about us when the white magician suddenly transforms the surviving woods from a mixed entanglement of obstinate evergreens and naked birches, maples and elms to a grand harmony of immaculate waves and sprays, fixed in invisible crystal, and intensified by the impressive charm of silence. Atmosphere, the softening influence that mellows lights and shades, subdues all tints and colors to a quiet, fascinating harmony, and helps fancy to distort fixed and moving objects into strange unrealities, alluring or portentous according to the mood, has no existence in the enchanted groves of winter. Every object is fixed in crystal. Every branch and spray with its clinging load of snow, every feather and tassel of evergreen with the white that transforms its natural outline, is distinct.

Perhaps we have missed the borderland between fact and fancy, between obtruding realities and the realm of the mind's magic, by seeking it among the deepening shadows of evening, where darkness opens eyes that cannot endure the glare while fireflies trail their momentary spectral gleams. It is not in the darkening forest shade or in the dusk that hides the shadowless prairie, but under the clear glare of the winter sun that the dark-eyed, solemn-visaged Indian traces the five-toed moccasin tracks of the Windigo in the snow. It is not where the moonlight struggles down through the leaves, or where the deepening shadows blur the lines between crouching weeds and struggling shrubbery, that the creatures of many fleeting fancies rise against and dethrone the grim, relentless autocrats of logic, but out in the clearest day, where the searching rays of the sun are

aided by a countless multitude of immaculate reflections. There the Red Man, with his strange inheritance of discernment, tradition, intuitive perceptions, and childlike simplicity, becomes aware of those portentous tracks in the recording snow—tracks that warn of an impending calamity to him or a member of his household.

We may envy older and wiser people their fairies, trolls, pucoes, and leprecawns. We may even wish for an admonition of the future in the wail of the banshee. Perhaps the enchantment is all about us. We loose our fancies among the shades of night to hunt the ever-elusive creatures that are always just beyond our ken. We should learn of the older race to whom this continent belongs. We should release our fancies in the open day as the falconer pursued his quarry, for it is the glare of the winter sun that transforms the woods into fairyland. Even if the silent, slanting, and searching rays do not disclose the track of a Windigo, or if no hiding leprecawn darts away in terror, the enchantment of a grand decorative transformation will abundantly bless every devout pilgrim.

Germany's Crimes

IT is well that the people of Canada, irrevocably committed to this war and as one in a determination to continue until victory is won, should keep before them the kind of enemy they are fighting. Not many people, we suppose, gave Germany's so called peace overtures more than a passing, contemptuous, thought. We are indebted to the Halifax *Herald* for presenting a list of crimes committed by Germany, some of them perhaps not fresh in the public mind:

When the rulers of Germany in making peace proposals claim to be moved by humanity and their duty to God, it is well to remember the following acts of inhumanity, perpetrated cold-bloodedly. The Lusitania crime was exulted in by press and public, and a medal struck to commemorate the horror.

Lusitania torpedoed and sunk without warning. Over 1,000 perish, including many women and children.

Murderous Zeppelin raids with the avowed object of mere frightfulness.

Armenian massacres, directed by German officers.

Five hospital ships, clearly designated as such, torpedoed and sunk.

Refugee ship torpedoed in Channel; 30 drowned.

Poison gas introduced in warfare.

Liquid fire.

Red Cross fired on in the field and used as cover for German guns.

Unspeakable atrocities on Belgian civilian population. Men shot and women and girls outraged.

Belgian towns sacked and burned. Historic monuments of civilization wantonly destroyed.

Civil populations of Belgium, France, Poland, and Serbia deported to Germany to work as slaves.

Nurse Cavell murdered.

Captain Fryatt murdered.

British prisoners in typhus-stricken camps at Wittenberg and Gardelegen abandoned to death, after deliberate neglect by their guards.

British soldiers ill-treated and starved in prison camps.

Undefended towns shelled from the sea. Many civilians killed and wounded.

East African wells poisoned.

Natives of Cameroons and German South-West Africa murdered, mutilated, and tortured because of sympathy for British invaders.

Unfit Soldiers

IN the early part of the war, thousands of men who offered themselves for enlistment were rejected because they failed to come up to the standard of that time, which many thought unnecessarily high.

Yet, when after a long training in Canada, the soldiers went to England, the percentage who turned out to be unfit according to the standard over there and were sent home, was very high.

During the first part of 1916 the standard was apparently not lowered, but many men who could not come up to the standard were taken perhaps because the commanding officers were anxious to fill up their battalions.

Later on in the year, the standard was lowered and thousands of men were accepted who had been rejected previously when they tried to enlist.

If the standard has been reduced too much here because recruiting is not as good as it formerly was, the men who are too old, or otherwise unfit for hard service, are destined to be rejected in the final test in England. An enormous amount of money has been wasted since the war began in training and sending men to England who were not up to the standard of physical fitness required. Before the standard was reduced, the percentage of rejections in England was very high. It is reasonable to suppose that it will be very much higher with a reduced standard.

Before the standard was relaxed,, there were many men accepted who should not have been. Under the low standard, it is likely there will be a great many more of these.— *Vancouver Sun.*

Lloyd-George's Speech

LLOYD-GEORGE'S great Guildhall speech, and his message to the Overseas Dominions, in which he foreshadowed an epoch making change in Imperial affairs attracted great attention in the Canadian press. Almost unanimously his words have been approved. Partizanship has been for the time being suspended, and with the cordial approval of the leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Parliament, Sir Robert Borden will leave shortly for England, there to become a temporary member of the British war cabinet. In discussing Lloyd-George's message which it calls "wonderful" the Ottawa *Journal Press* can claim to speak for the press of Canada. The *Journal Press* says:

The statement of the Prime Minister of the Imperial Government, Right Hon. Lloyd-George, is one of the biggest, one of the most epoch-making documents in the history of the British Colonies.

We have used that word advisedly, because the Lloyd-George Statement emphasises the elimination from the geographical and administrative vocabulary of the British Empire of that word which has ever been objectionable to the sensitive.

Not once in the Lloyd-George statement is that word used, either directly or indirectly. The Prime Minister studiously gets as far away from it, or anything like it, as he possibly can.

We are, instead, it is to be noted, "Five democracies, all parts of the Empire," and "Overseas nations."

The Prime Ministers of these five nations are not asked to go into any mere "conference" with the Imperial authorities. They are "to be **temporary members of the war Cabinet,**" the holy of holies so to speak, of the Imperial Government; they are to **"sit in executive Cabinet of the Empire"**; and, again, a policy for the whole Empire is to be decided upon by these men **"sitting in plenary council together."**

The declaration of Lloyd-George is enough to make the great Joseph Chamberlain rise up from the grave and shout "Bravo!". Chamberlain had visions that seemed at the time Utopian but even his visions never stretched to the lengths that Lloyd-George now outlines and that are near accomplishment.

The visions have become realities because old things have passed away and all things have become new, Precedents? Precedents have been shot to pieces. Listen again to Lloyd-George:

> **"The war has changed us. Heaven knows, it has taught us more than we yet understand. It has opened a new age for us. We want to go into that age together with our fellows overseas, just as we have come through the darkness together, and shed our blood and treasure together."**

For Canadians, from the Atlantic to the Pacific there is a wealth of inspiration in the Lloyd-George message. Evidently it was very carefully prepared; and as it was prepared so it should be read, not once, but many times. It is a message that we should engrave on our escutcheons; and if we have not yet, in the hurly burly of ordinary life, thought it is worth while to have escutcheons, the Lloyd-George message should inspire us to create them.

Yea, more, in the vastness of the prospect that Lloyd-George pictures for us a prospect the vastness and beauty of which was drawn for the world the other day by another great British statesman, Arthur J. Balfour—let us forget the retrospect of our petty party politics. What boots it our domestic affiliations in the shadow of such a crisis, in the bright light of such an achievement?

Remember only Canada is about to send one of its foremost sons into this great war and peace council of the Motherland. The Kipling version "Daughter am I in my mother's house but mistress in my own" has outlived its usefulness. We have grown up. The Motherland calls her "five nations" not merely to ask their advice, but to help her settle the problems that have been thrust upon her, to share with her the enormous responsibilities that these problems entail, to join with her even as we have "raised and placed in the field armies containing an enormous proportion of our best manhood," even as we have gone "through the darkness together and shed our blood and treasure together."

WHAT IS TO BE CANADA'S RESPONSE?

A Civilian Army

ONE writer in discussing the surplus of Canadian senior officers in England ascribes it to the calling of "civilians" without experience into military service. This, as the Toronto *Star* replies, does not seem to explain much. Britain sent her effective army to Mons and the Marne, and since then has raised an army of five or six million men. How could such a force be officered except largely by "civilians" without previous military experience? And after all, where, except right in this war, could a man get experience that would have practical bearing on the present gopher-hole method of warfare?—*Halifax Chronicle*

Tax on Wild Land

A COURT decision which frees a ranching company from liability in connection with the Alberta wild land tax because its land, fenced and used regularly for grazing purposes, even though the cattle herded there are not owned by the ranching company, makes very clear just what the intent of the wild land tax law really is says the Calgary Herald.

As framed it might be interpreted to have a scope broader than advocates of a wild land tax intended. It seems most difficult to get any legislation framed and made law that may not mean something other than its authors desired, such are the peculiar vagaries of the legal minds entrusted with this work.

The wild land tax as originally designed is a good bit of legislation. Its purpose is to collect something by way of special tax from owners of wild lands—lands that are not being used in a productive sense in any way but merely held waiting for the golden day of big profits to come to their owners. Railways come, roads are constructed, telephone lines are built, schools and churches arrive, all at the expense of the people who pay taxes. With these improvements the wild land owner finds the value of his holdings increasing and he figures on reaping where he has not sown. If he does not like the wild land tax he may either improve his land or sell it to some one who will.

Is Ice Cream Justifiable?

WE have a large amount of sympathy with the movement which is going on in various parts of Ontarion for the prohibition of the manufacture of ice-cream, on the ground that it devotes to the service of an absolute luxury a vast quantity of cream which could be employed in the provision of butter and other necessities observes the Montreal *Financial Times*. The promoters of the movement appear to be sanguine that their proposal would have the effect of causing an immediate reduction in the price of cream and butter, and are thereby ensuring for themselves the opposition of the agricultural community; but we doubt very greatly whether such would be the case. The price of these commodities is settled in the main and for most of the time by the export bid, and the chief result of the curtailment of the consumption of cream in luxury forms in Canada would be the increase of the amount of cream and butter exported to the United States, and a consequent further improvement in our export balance and our domestic wealth.

It is high time that something was done to put a stop to the luxury-mongering which is going on in Canada to a degree unprecedented even in the days of our most brilliant expansion. It is hard, doubtless, to resist the insidious example of the United States, where the vast and sudden accretion of wealth, unaccompanied by any sense of national responsibility, is playing havoc with the simple habits of even the most rural population. For that very reason the task of resisting this example should be undertaken by the Government, which has all the necessary powers in the matter, and seems to have secured those powers simply for the sake of not using them. Ice-cream comes up early for consideration, merely because it is a conspicuous example of the unnecessary thing which uses up supplies required for the production of necessaries. There are doubtless many other things whose consumption should be checked, taxed, regulated or prohibited if we are to go about this war with any real efficiency.

The British Army

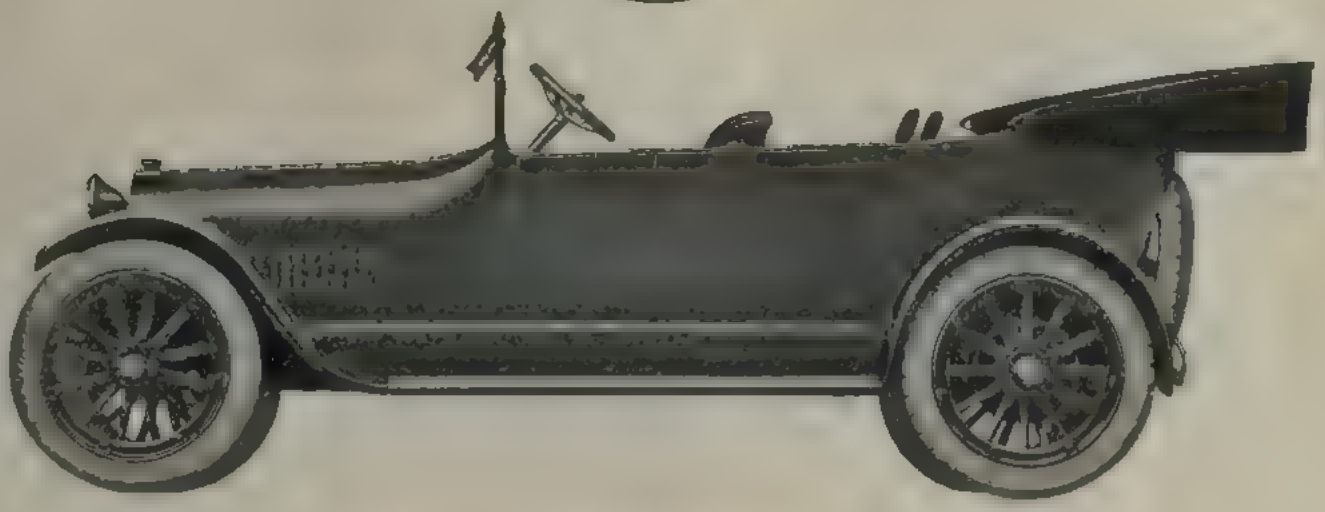
WITH Germany launched on a career of super-frightfulness at sea, the British navy will be tested as never before. Britons, however, are confident that the latest submarine problem will be solved as successfully as was the earlier problem presented by the under sea boats. A well earned tribute to the British navy is contained in the following article in the Moose Jaw *News*:—

The sinking of a score of British and French merchantmen on the Atlantic by a German raider is bad enough; but it serves to show what would have happened had Britain not control of the seas. Instead of the commerce-destroyer with its toll of twenty ships, there would be many such, all doing great damage. Indeed, but for the British Navy there would be no British commerce to raid. It would have been driven from the seas as completely as German commerce has been.

Napoleon, in discussing war losses is reported to have said—"You can't have omelettes without breaking eggs. So in naval warfare losses are inevitable. As long as the German Navy rides safely in Kiel Canal or in the waters of Helligoand, British commerce will be in danger; but such losses are to be considered in the light of comparison, and of the possibilities of damage, had the Kaiser's ships been able to come out boldly.

It is quite possible that the announcement of these losses may occason criticism of the admiralty, even as the raid of the Channel transport service during December produced an outburst against Mr. Balfour's administration; but, at the same time, it must be assumed that the maintenance of an air-tight blockade is impossible. The German Navy is a great fact which cannot be ignored, and it is daringly and capably led. For these reasons it should be considered most fortunate that so little damage has been done. In the meantime the noose which the British navy has drawn about Germany's neck grows tighter.

Continued on page 219



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A Descendant of Prince Shamus

Continued from page 190.

with not a soul aboord of her, an' she a furlong from the shore an' no anchor to hold her. Into the water he charged his horse, an' into the water the horse went an' swam to the ship and then gev a le'p an' jumped on her deck without a sound from his hoofs.

"An' Prince Shémus went below the deck, an' there was a stall for the horse an' a fine soft bed for himself, an' a table with bread an' wine upon it.

"'Glory be to God an' Mary,' says Prince Shémus, 'what more would I want? An' is there hay for the horse?' says he. So it's more he *did* want. An' he went to the stall, an' there was hay for the first day out an' there was fresh water in a pail. An' that was lucky, for the water around him was salt—bein' the say.

"'An' what about the second day out?' says Prince Shémus to his horse, an' the horse nodded his head, an' says Prince Shémus, 'It must be all right or I wouldn't be here.' An' he went up on deck an' they was a mile from the green shores of Ireland an' Prince Shémus felt his t'roat grow choked wid the thought of l'avin' th' ould sod, but he thinks, 'Tis wid the good wife I'll be go'n' back.

"So he goes to the cabin an' he drinks the wine an' ates what bread there is an' feels ready for what may come.

"An' he feeds the horse the hay an' gives him the water to drink an' when he went up after that there was no land in sight an' the say high on the two sides of him, an' they go'n in a valley of water.

"An' at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an'w ine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red (me mudder always said the woids der same way, an' it makes it sound better), an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall, an' Prince Shémus

watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say.

"And at night the sun goes down blood red an' Prince Shémus goes to sleep wid the horse standin' on the deck to keep watch an' the silver moon showed the ship the way all the night long, an' in the marrnin' Prince Shémus wakes up an' there upon the table is more bread an' wine, an' in the stall is more hay an' water for the horse.

"An' all day long the horse sleeps standin' in his stall an' Prince Shémus watches the ship sail on her way t'roo the valley of the say. An' he seen a storm comin' out of the north. An' well he knew that his cukkle shell of a boat was not wan to live in a storm, an' he goes down to see what is to be found, an' there is a bottle of holy oil.

"An' when the storm comes up he breaks the bottle of holy oil over the say an' the ship sails to where is a foreign shore, an' that's America."

Up to this point in the story I had been reminded of various tales I had read when a boy, but Jimmy's mother had evidently changed the story in order to give it an interest for the boy that sometimes attaches to familiar local color.

Jimmy's cheeks burned with excitement as he went on. However it may be with some after-dinner speakers, he was enjoying himself

"An' Prince Shémus le'ps upon the horse's back an' the horse le'ps from the boat, an' the Prince turns to look behind him an' the boat has gone.

" 'Well, it's lucky it lasted me across" says he, an' rides upon the shore an' comes to the City of New York. (Me mudder said this was hundreds of years before the sky-scrapers was built.)

'An' he rides up Broadway and every one seen he was a prince an' handsommer than any man that had ever been seen in America at all, at all.

"An' the gerruls lined the sidewalks an' threw kisses to him, an' he lifted his velvet cap off his head an' bowed right an' left.

"Well, though he bowed right an' left an' made his horse prance on his two hind legs to hows he was to'robred, Prince Shémus did not see a single colleen he'd give the wink of his eyelid to. None of them looked like the gerrul he seen on the wall in the booth at the fair.

"An' he come up to a little green lane in the woods that stood where Fourteenth street is now, an' he looked, an' the crowds had left him, but there sat an ould woman sellin' apples. An' no wan came to buy them, an' the woman looked sorryful.

"An' Prince Shémus was kind hairrted an' he was hungry, too, an' he says, 'Give me a red apple.' (Me mudder said all der apples in Ireland

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is green.) 'Give me a red apple,' says he an' chucks an Irish shillin' to her. (An' me mudder always used to say that an Irish shillin' was made of better silver dan an English shillin'.)"

It can easily be seen that Jimmy's mother suffered from nostalgia and longed for the green shores of Ireland. Probably the stories she told the boy were a comfort to her.

"Th' ould woman drops a curtsey (dat's der same as bowin', ye know, boss), an' she says in Irish. (In der Irish language, yer know. I can't speak it, an' me farder couldn't, but me mudder could. It was funny to hear her.)

"Th' ould woman says in Irish, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' if anny wan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"An' Prince Shémus knew he had no knife in his pocket, but he puts his hand there an' he pulls out a silver knife after all, an' he cuts the red apple in two halves, an' the next second out flies a gerrul from the apple as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

" 'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus only clasps his hands an' looks at the beautiful colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.

"An' th' apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple, an' th' ould woman says, 'Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife an' cut the red apple in two, an' if annywan spakes to you answer her quick.'

"And Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' he pulls out a silver knife an' he cuts the red apple in two halves an' the next second out flies a gerrul as red an' as white as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair.

" 'Give me a drink of water,' says the gerrul, but Prince Shémus only clasps his hands an' looks at the colleen, an' him like to faint, an' she disappears in the woods.

"An' the apple an' the knife, too, is gone, so he takes out another Irish shillin' an' he buys another red apple an' the ould woman says, "Put your hand in your pocket an' take out the silver knife you'll find there an' cut the red apple in two, an' bad scran to you if you don't answer annywan that spakes to you.'

"An' Prince Shémus put his hand in his pocket an' he pulls out a silver knife. An' he knew that sorra bit would there be another gerrul come out of a red apple, for there were no more red apples and no more shillin's, so he shut his eyes so as not to be carried away wid the sight of beauty, an' whin the gerrul said, 'Give me a drink

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ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on [illegible] the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.

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W. T. PEMBER,

120 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

of water,' he says. 'Certainly I will,' an' he hol's out his hand an' into it th' ould woman puts a silver cup filled to the edge with fresh could water.

"An' Prince Shémus hands it to the gerrul wid his hands tremblin' an' she drank it an' says to him, 'You are my husband.'

"'Indeed,' says he to the colleen, 'but you're the good guesser.' And he turns to thank th' ould apple woman, but she had gone away like a flash of heat lightnin'.

"Well, when the New Yorkers saw it was a rale prince an' a rale Irish princess—for the gerrul from the apple was the same as the gerrul on the wall in the booth at the fair—they axed him to live in a palace an' be their king, but Prince Shémus said he'd rather be nothin' but a prince in Ireland than a king in America.

"But he thanks them kindly, bein' a prince, an' him an' the beautiful princess walks down to the shore an' the horse walks be the side of them, for the prince was too merciful to make the two of them ride the wan baste and the princess wouldn't ride alone.

"An' there on the shore was the white little sail boat, bobbin' an' poundin' like a cork in a basin, an' Prince Shémus put the princess on the horse's back an' he carried her to the little ship and then came back for Prince Shémus, an' when the two was in board there was two bottles of wine an' two loaves of bread, but on'y the wan cup, bein' they was lovers; an' they went back the way he had come through the valley of the say, on'y it took them twice as long because there was twice as many aboord.

"An' when they got to Ireland the King of Ireland was waitin' for them in Dublin Bay, an' he kissed the princess an' kissed his son, an' there was feastin', an' drinkin', an' dancin', an' fightin' till you couldn't rest."

Jimmy sat back in his seat and clapped his hands in his lap. His eyes were dancing and his cheeks were glowing, and he was a pretty spectacle of a boy. He straightened himself up in his ragged coat and he said with pardonable pride:

"Me mudder said dat I was descended from Prince Shémus."

A Believer in Luck

Continued from page 203.

He was determined that no comparison should be drawn to his own detriment. He sent, importantly, for a stenographer and fell to work dictating letters to her with a great show of energy, changing a comma here, a line there, a word at the end and finally calling the girl back to reconstruct an entire paragraph, nervous with the un-

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We have openings for several young college men and women in various sections of the Dominion in connection with our Circulation Promotion work.

Our work is of such a nature that young men and women find they can attend to it very nicely during "after lecture" hours, Saturdays and vacation periods. Some of our people have earned all of the money required for their college expenses in this "part-time" work.

If you are interested in a proposition that would increase your income during your course in College, write us at once and we will send you full particulars by first mail.

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Our work is of such a nature that young men and women find they can attend to it very nicely during "after lecture" hours, Saturdays and vacation periods. Some of our people have earned all of the money required for their college expenses in this "part-time" work.

If you are interested in a proposition that would increase your income during your course in college, write us at once and we will send you full particulars by first mail.

CANADA MONTHLY

Mail Building, Toronto, Ontario. Circulation Promotion Department.

accustomed responsibility devolving up on him. He lingered over phrase that particularly pleased him, raisin his voice to impress the men about hi and dropping it to a confidential mur mur, broken by embarrassed pause when the right word eluded him. H breathed a sigh of relief when the orde was over.

Some claims for damages lay on th desk. He turned them over irresolute ly. The strike had jostled the offic work out of its routine and brough new duties into his department. Me were working shoulder to shoulde each helping the other. Sommers, h assistant, noticing his obvious desire t avoid possible criticism, respectfull offered suggestions which the chie clerk received coldly, but on which h acted privately. The friendly offe of assistance from other men he repelle also, intimating by a general stiffne of exterior that, as chief clerk, he woul no longer tolerate the familiarity whic had hitherto expressed itself in good natured slaps upon the back and loud voiced pleasantries.

While he was considering his nex step the hall door opened suddenly an a man entered, reeling and shouting string of oaths. He advanced un steadily to Hopper's desk and, shakin his fist in the chief clerk's face, dare him to fight. Hopper had risen an instinctively retreated a few steps Before he could gather his scattere wits together, Sommers's hand sho out and grabbed the intruder's coa collar, jerking him forward violently

"Get out," he ordered, "and be quic about it or I'll have Jimmy throw yo down the stairs."

The man blinked, his bluster fallin from him. "Why, you know me, Bil I didn't mean no harm," he muttered thickly.

The chief clerk turned and surveye Sommers balefully. The instinctiv antipathy he had felt for the youn man from the first was merging int active dislike.

"You think you're a smart little her now, don't you ?" he sneered, disagree ably. "Maybe you don't realize tha I'm in charge of this office ?"

The two men regarded each other i silence for a moment; Hopper's eye dropped finally. "Why didn't yo put him out, then ?" asked Sommer quietly. "I'm not afraid of you, yo know," he added.

"Well, there's no use in making row," Hopper said, sullenly. "Yo attend to your own affairs and I'll m mine." He was thinking that h would transfer the young man t another office when the strike was ov and he no longer needed his assistanc

When Hopper reached home tha night his natural secretiveness ha finally triumphed over his desire

dazzle his wife with the glamour of his success. He felt at times an active resentment against her for openly doubting his ability, and now that he had proved his worth he decided, in somewhat the same spirit that a child saves the icing on its cake for the last mouthful, to delay the satisfaction of surprising her. He did not even mention Carter's death. The fact that he had the advantage over her in knowing something that would completely change her opinion of him, put him in good humor.

During dinner his effervescent spirits and trite pleasantries amazed her. She noticed that the potatoes were slightly scorched, the water having boiled away from them while she was setting the table; she waited nervously for his caustic comment, apologies and explanations on the tip of her tongue; but he ate them without noticing. After dinner he played with the little girl, romping and laughing A faint flush of excitement tinged Rose's face; she caught her breath sharply and ventured a tentative question which he jocosely turned aside.

Later on, under the protection of his jovial mood, she made her pitiful confession to him, haltingly, with beseeching eyes. To her relief he took it quietly.

"Don't worry, old girl, we'll pull through all right," he said, encouragingly. The kindly tone broke down the floodgates of her self-control and she sobbed convulsively on his breast while he patted her shoulder from time to time with a pleasing sense of his own magnanimity, soothing her as one would placate a nervous child.

The next morning Hopper was loath to start downtown. "Plenty of time. I know my own business," he replied when his wife, with anxious eyes on the clock, urged him to go. The officials of the Company opened their desks well along in the forenoon, and to do likewise had occurred to him a desirable way to impress the office force. The brief "good morning" from the other men which greeted him on his arrival pleased him. He found his desk piled high with letters, telegrams and memoranda. The wire basket bulged with important papers. It annoyed him to learn that his assistant had a duplicate key and could open his desk at will.

Sommers handed him a telegram which had been received earlier in the morning. "I took the liberty of attending to this," he said. "I knew it was urgent."

It was dated at the main office in New Haven, Connecticut, and read: "Last two men gone out. Send assistance immediately. E. C. Jones, Mgr." With it was this type-written report: "Sending five men to N. H. 4.02 Express, Hopper."

The Hours We Don't Forget

The Same Good-Nights, for a Hundred Years, Will be Said Over Dishes of Puffed Grains

The little ones, in countless homes, will to-night float Puffed Grains in their bowls of milk.

In times to come, their children's children will do the same, no doubt. For no man can ever make from wheat or rice a better food than these.

The Pinnacle Foods Forever

Hundreds of foods have been made from these grains. But Puffed Grains mark the apex. They can never be excelled.

Prof. Anderson's process takes whole wheat or rice, and makes every atom digestible. Every food cell is exploded. Every granule is fitted to feed. No one can ever go further.

These grains are sealed in guns. For an hour they are rolled in 550 degrees of heat. The moisture in each food cell is changed to steam. The guns are shot and that steam explodes.

There occur in each grain a hundred million explosions—one for every food cell The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. They come out airy, flaky bubbles, as you see.

No other cooking process breaks more than half of the food cells. None can ever break more. So these must forever remain the sovereign foods produced from wheat or rice.

Puffed Wheat . . **Puffed Rice**

Each 15c Except in Far West

These are not mere morning dainties. They are all-day foods. Folks use them like nuts in candy making, or as garnish for ice cream. They serve them as wafers in soup. Between meals they eat them dry. And no other morsels are so ideal for serving in bowls of milk.

Serve one each day.

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designed to impart beauty and grace.
D & A
Good Shape Brassières
are regarded as the last word in luxurious lingerie. They have the style, beauty and elegance so essential in these garments.
Ask your Corsetiere to show you our new creations.
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Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets.
D & A
GOOD SHAPE
BRASSIERES

The chief clerk smote the papers in his hand. "I'm not responsible for this, young man," he said, with an attempt at dignified sternness. "I didn't send these men, and if any trouble comes, count me out. I'm running this office, and anybody who butts in takes the consequences."

He turned impressively to his desk Despite his resentment at the young man's initiative, an unspeakable relief filled him that the responsibility of the thing had shifted to another.

At home Rose Hopper was sweeping her sitting room, arranging the furniture mechanically over the threadbare spots in the carpet, while her mind dwelt on the change in her husband, which puzzled and disquieted her. Stooping to remove a newspaper thrust behind the radiator, the picture of a woman on the front page caught her eye. Something in the pose, the half-laughing mouth, suggested an old photograph of herself taken during her engagement. She was about to drop it with a sigh, when her glance fell on an item at the bottom of the page. It was a notice of Carter's death. It flashed upon her that there must be some connection between this and her husband's new attitude. It was not the first time she had been left to discover by chance things concerning him which she had every right to know.

The sharpness of her sudden intuition was so like physical pain that involuntarily she put her hand over her heart. He had been made chief clerk How characteristic of him not to have told her! Doubt crept like insidious poison into her thoughts. Why had the big prize been given to him? Where were all the other men in the office? The next moment, conscious of her disloyalty in the face of his achievement, she slipped to her knees in tears and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving and apology. Only the night before she had lain awake weeping over the barreness of her lot, bewailing her hardships and the sordidness that stared her in the face day after day. "Forgive me, God," she murmured over and over, "I didn't know, I didn't know."

The sunshine that seemed suddenly to illumine her path dazzled her unaccustomed eyes throughout the day She remembered he had spoken of the chief clerk's salary—$4,000 a year She repeated the words to herself again and again, thinking of the luxury this sum represented. She had noticed a little fur set in some shop window. May should have it, or one like it if it should be gone. Fred himself needed a new suit—the shiny elbows of the one he was wearing troubled her Tommy—poor, backward little Tommy—must be sent to a private school where his mental defects might possibly

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C. A. MINER, Managing Director.

be remedied, and where he need not be the butt of the other pupils.

A hunger for the graceful, small luxuries of life which she had never known brought a faint flush to her thin face. There flashed into her mind visions of elegant gowns she had seen exhibited on wax models behind plate-glass windows, with plumed hats to match them. Secretly she had always longed for a big black hat with one huge, uncurled plume drooping gracefully over the brim. She was only thirty-eight after all. Perhaps the taste and knack for sewing which had enabled her to do much with little before the children came, had not deserted her. She would spare no pains in making herself attractive in the future. Her husband would find her an inspiration instead of a dull, colorless accompaniment to his success. A sense of returning youth and hopefulness sent the blood coursing through her veins. She went about her duties exaltedly, rejoicing with him all day, in spirit.

. . . . .

At lunch time Hopper crossed the street to the big restaurant patronized by the more prosperous business men in the vicinity and ordered an elaborate luncheon, lingering in the pleasant, unaccustomed atmosphere of lights and music. He had looked forward to meeting some one he knew, the president, perhaps, or another one of his superiors, and he glanced eagerly about for a familiar face. The men at adjoining tables, however, were all strangers. Used to dealing in dimes and nickels at lunch, his check appalled him. He handed the waiter the exact amount and hastened back to the office. Catching a glimpse of the superintendent through a half-opened door, he learned from the office boy that, pressed for time, that official had taken a hasty bite in his office.

A few minutes later the superintendent sent for Hopper. "It's that confounded New Haven business of yours," growled the chief clerk, addressing Sommers. "He's probably sore because we've crippled our force."

The superintendent, whose mind was weighted with innumerable important matters, asked the chief clerk briefly how the various offices were faring. Hopper took this as a preamble to the censure that would presently fall on him as the result of Sommers' action in regard to the New Haven telegram. He mentioned the matter.

"I'm glad you got the men off promptly," interrupted the superintendent. "They needed them there worse than we do here. That's what I want you to do—take care of those details and relieve me of them for the present, even at the risk of making a few mistakes.

Big Ben

A *Westclox* Alarm

7 a.m.—

For the Rising Generation

BIG BEN at his best—at seven a. m.—opening little folks' eyes—there's a race to hush him—a pillow battle—merry laughter—and mother to tidy the kiddies for school.

Big Ben's little men bubble health and cheer, and they feel as big as Daddy with a clock all their own. They trust *Big Ben* to make their dreams of "When I'm big" come true—Big Ben smiles a promise to them all.

He gives 'em extra playtime, after porridge and milk—a chance to peep at lessons that the Sandman made so hard. He gets 'em to school long before the last gong and this habit lingers when the children grow up.

You'll like Big Ben face to face. He's seven inches tall, spunky, neighborly—downright good all through. He rings two ways—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, $2.50 in the United States, $3.50 in Canada. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

Westclox folk build more than three million alarms a year—and build them well. All wheels are assembled by a special process—patented, of course. Result—accuracy, less friction, long life.

Western Clock Co.

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Ask Barton to step here on your way out."

Hopper felt himself to be floundering beyond his depth; something was wrong. A sense of failure oppressed him. He concluded it was foresight he lacked. There was, somewhere, undoubtedly, a chance waiting for him to prove his value. He burned with a fierce determination to find this opportunity, and to establish a reputation for himself, no matter in what direction it lay.

Seated at his own desk he was still thinking the matter over when Higgins, the chief operator, who had stuck loyally by the Company, came into the office and drew up a chair beside Hopper for a moment's chat.

"Did you hear about old man Cary's going down to the Meriden office and trying to help them out?" he inquired. "He used to be manager there, you know. The old fellow's over eighty now. The Company retired him years ago after his accident; he's been paralyzed ever since. The poor old boy insisted on being wheeled down to the office when the men went out there. He 'sent' for an hour, and he's a good sender yet. After that, of course, he was all in—cried like a baby when they took him home. Pretty plucky, wasn't he?"

Hopper nodded absently. Higgins, warming to his subject, continued:

"He's the best-hearted old fellow alive. He took some shares in a mine out West once from a fellow who owed him money. Nobody thought they were any good, including the old man himself—he took them only so the other fellow wouldn't feel so bad about not being able to pay him. Do you know, the blooming thing paid a dividend the other day, and Cary pulled out about eight hundred dollars. He's foolish with joy—says it will bury himself and his wife fine. Cheerful, ain't it?" He laughed uproariously.

"How much did you say he got?" inquired Hopper, intensely interested now. An idea was beginning to take shape in his mind.

"About eight hundred. Why?"

"I was just wondering how lucky he'd been," laughed Hopper. "You know I believe in luck."

It seemed to him that fate was playing into his hands and giving him the very card he wanted. In this piece of information, given so carelessly, he saw his opportunity. During a pause in the afternoon's routine, he made a few cautious inquiries about the ex-manager. All the older men knew Cary and had a good word to say about him. Hopper's questions awoke a flood of old anecdotes and reminiscences. In the midst of them the chief clerk went back to his office and compiled his data, making a neat report to lay before the superintendent. While he worked his mind revolved busily about the matter. It was not what he would have selected with which to make his effect. He would greatly have preferred something more spectacular—the discovery of a shortage in some one's accounts, for instance.

Once or twice as he prepared his row of figures uncertainty assailed him, he brushed it aside with the reflection that, after all, one cannot always pick and choose, and business was business. Saving the company's money was an essential, and he determined to consider only essentials in the future. The superintendent himself had urged him to take the initiative. Fortified by this reflection, he decided to lose no time in tendering his report—delays breed dangers, and some one else might get in ahead of him.

His assurance melted somewhat as he confronted the superintendent and began to talk. The discomfort he always felt in the other man's presence chilled the words on his lips. The sensation of floundering beyond his depth returned. It was the one thing he had been unprepared for. Sudden doubt gripped him and left him weak-kneed. After all, he might have been better off to have let the matter alone.

"Well?"

The monosyllable fell upon him like cold steel and he realized that he had paused in the carefully rehearsed recital that had said itself mechanically. Panic stricken in the face of an impending crisis, he realized that it was too late to draw back. Pulling himself together with an effort, he proceeded with dry lips and moist forehead:

"He has this eight hundred to live on now and it seems to me unnecessary for the Company to keep on paying his pension of seventy-five dollars a month"—the figures danced grotesquely up and down on the paper before him—"until it's gone. Of course I'm sorry for the old fellow and all that, but business is business, you know, and I felt it my duty to call your attention to this."

A silence, heavy and fraught with meaning, endured. Conscious of the other man's eyes upon him, the chief clerk raised his own. The superintendent had risen, and before his look Hopper cowered; his ambitious and high hopes fell from him one by one, nothing remaining but the cold, hard contempt in the other man's eyes that was shriveling him.

It was impossible that the simple little proposition he had made could move the superintendent to such quiet fury. It was preposterous, unwarranted. The official's sense of proportion seemed completely gone, yet he lacked the power to put in a word in his own defense; utter misery of mind held him mute.

He became conscious that the other man was speaking—had been speaking for some time.

"However, I realize my mistake now. Never while you are in my office, no matter in what position, presume to interfere in affairs which nature has deprived you of the insight and sympathy to understand." His voice changed. "I am sorry for you—for your own sake and that of your ultimate success."

The finality of the words rang in Hopper's ears; a sudden mist blinded him through which he groped for the door. He understood from the man's manner that the official was done with him, and his mind strove vainly to adjust itself to the superintendent's view-point. Huddled against the wall outside, the neatly figured report in his hand, he struggled for composure.

In his own office he saw, through the half-opened door, that only Sommers and the office boy remained, the latter whistling a syncopated melody as he picked up scraps of paper. Hopper went in slowly and sat at his desk in utter desolation, his face in his hands. Minutes passed; some one touched him on the shoulder. It was Sommers, who spoke quietly, avoiding the other's eye.

"The superintendent says he is able to relieve you of the extra work now and you can go back to your old desk in the morning."

With a snarl Hopper rose and faced him. This man was no superior.

"I suppose you take this one?" he sneered finally, his face twisted. The younger man turned away.

There was no click of typewriters to drown Hopper's sudden oath. "Without half a show," he muttered. He walked unsteadily to the outer office for his hat and coat, pitying himself passionately like a man ill used and thwarted by a perverse fate.

He knew now how a wounded animal must feel when it crawls to some dark hole away from the eyes of men. On the way home it seemed to him that each strange eye he encountered in the street looked at him in silent contempt, mingled with a reluctant pity—for what he did not know. The bitterness welling up in his heart suffocated him. He longed for physical combat, for something to hurt mortally.

His wife met him at the door as he tramped up the stairs. He heard the rustle of silk as she started toward him, and stared dully. She was wearing an old gown that had been in her meagre trousseau. Even in the semidusk of the hall he noticed that her hair was fluffed becomingly about her flushed face, bringing back a semblance of youth.

"Ferd, have you got anything to tell me? I saw in an old paper that he was dead——"

The shining, near-sighted eyes, searching his face stabbed him like a knife; he could have struck her in the sudden fury which maddened him. "Don't look at me that way—I can't stand it!" he muttered, through set teeth.

The glow faded pitifully from her face at his words, as if a devastating hand had passed over her features, leaving them pinched and old. "Who—got it?" she whispered.

He pushed by her, roughly, and she drew away, frightened at his bitterness. "Sommers, of course. You surely didn't think I was the lucky dog?"

— - —

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 197.

leaning back among the luxurious cushions of his car and skimming like a bird toward Brooklyn.

My Frenchman leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur:

"Drive a little slower," he said. "there is no hurry in the world, and I dislike reckless driving extremely."

Then, with a smile, he leaned back beside me.

To be continued.

Current Events

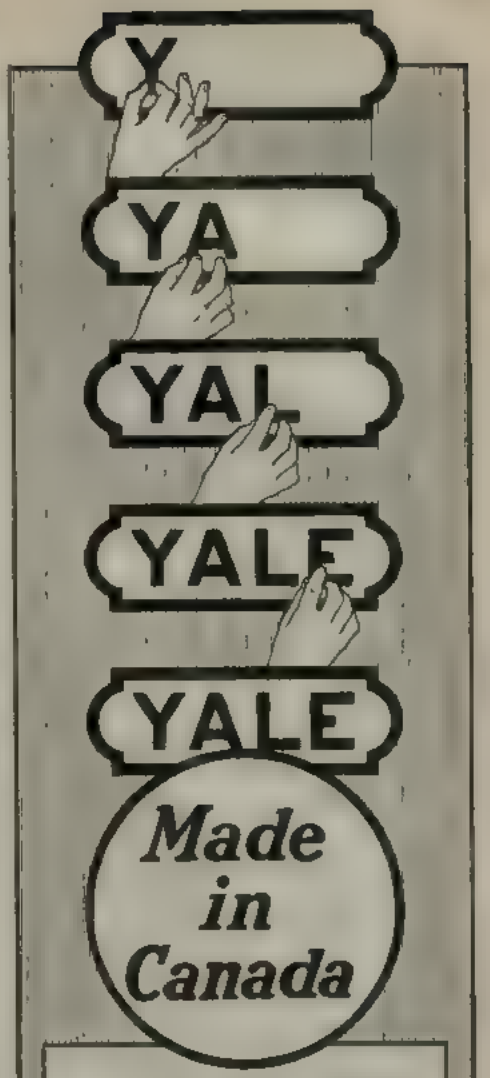
Continued from page 208.

War Trade

WAR trade has placed the United States in a very strong position financially. Never before did it shelter so much wealth or so much gold. Nor was Canada ever so well off as it is to-day. Farmers, manufacturers and workmen are in receipt of incomes out of which they should lay aside something to tide over any period of uncertainty which may follow the war and which, at the worst, should be short-lived. The attitude of Canadians as they enter the New Year should be one of optimism steadied by economy, thrift and an unflagging determination to see the war through to a successful conclusion in company with their Allies.—*Toronto News.*

Labor and the War

THE British Labor Conference *steamrollered the pacifists* in fine style. British Labor is an intelligent body, and knows perfectly well that all the bettered social conditions for which it fights would be *swept into the discard by the iron broom of a German victory.* Almost as ruinous to social and economic reform, would be a stalemate; for that would mean that the Entente Allies



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The name Yale is an accepted synonym for Quality and Service in increasing degree each year.

For nearly a half century the same principles standing for honesty and integrity have upheld Yale prestige and developed the Yale ideal—an ideal that rests upon the essentials of better goods, produced in a better plant by better workmen, under the highest standards of manufacturing practice.

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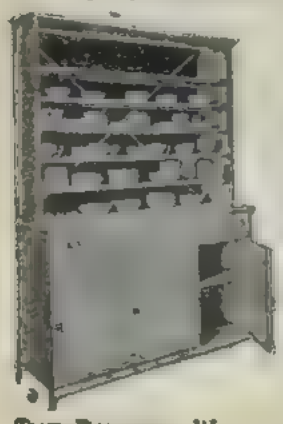
supplements the antiseptic precautions taken by doctors, nurses and orderlies.

Germ-proof, non-absorbent, washable—the fitting complement to sterilization and other precautionary measures.



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would be compelled to concentrate on militaryandnaval preparation to resist the next inevitable pounce of the Teuton tiger—and if the nation must be taxed to the bone to sustain armaments and its man-power must be conscripted into the army, it will have little time, money or room for measures of social amelioration. Social reform is the child of established and secure peace; and British Labor has wisely decided that it must fight on until this form of permanent peace is secured.—*Montreal Star.*

Enlisting Boys

IT IS a wise move to prevent the enlistment of boys under eighteen and that the practice of enlisting them "in order to make a showing" must cease. Heretofore some boys under 18 have enlisted only to be discharged later, when their regiment being ready to go overseas, it was discovered that they were under age. Thus in their desire to make a recruiting showing by enlisting mere boys, some too zealous recruiting officers have put the country to a wholly unnecessary expense, by enlisting boys, who, because of their age, would under no circumstances be allowed to go overseas.—*Perth Expositor.*

"O Canada"

THERE seems to be no doubt that "O Canada!" will be recognized, as as the Canadian National Anthem "The Maple Leaf" was written for school children says the Victoria *Colonist* and its words and music was admirably suited for that purpose, but they are entirely too light for the greater purposes for which a national anthem is employed. The words now in use in the English rendering of "O Canada!" have a fine devotional ring, especialy in the appeal of the refrain. We do not hesitate to say that it has no rival among songs of its class, the nearest approach to it musically being the Russian National Anthem. And yet we find Mr. Arthur Stringer objecting to it on the ground that it is too dirgelike. In reply, a writer of The Woodstock, Ont., *Sentinel-Review* says:

If Arthur Stringer could stand beside the "Road to Glory—and Berlin," upon which troops march to the Somme and hear company after company stumbling by in the darkness to the lilt of "O Canada," while the whole country is a mass of flashes and the thunder of the guns keeps the ground all a-tremble, and every one of the half-seen figures grotesquely burdened with their overland kit is just, as every boy, thinking of the morning and of the home he'll probably never again see; then I think Arthur Stringer would forget that dirge stuff.

BEING a practical housekeeper, I have the same daily problems to solve in these days of high cost of living that you have. I have them in my business as well.

This experience has taught me how to make with our Sparkling Gelatine, dainty desserts, salads, etc., that are perfectly delicious, and that serve the most people at the least cost,—below is a recipe that proves it.

In the March Magazines I will give another economical recipe.

Mrs. Charles B. Knox

KNOX IVORY JELLY

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in half cup milk 5 minutes. Scald 3 cups milk with ¾ cup sugar, and add soaked gelatine. Strain, cool slightly, add 1 teaspoonful vanilla and turn into a mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve with a boiled custard, preserves, melted currant or other jelly or canned fruit.

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SPARKLING GELATINE

One package will make a jelly serving 18 people or you can measure the gelatine to make an individual dish.

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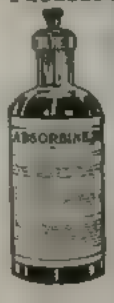

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To this the Ottawa *Journal-Press* adds:—

To this might be added the remark of a well known Ottawa lady who recently returned from England leaving two sons and one daughter at the front: "It was such an inspiring thing to see our fine young Canadian soldiers marching to the point of embarkation for France singing our own hymn 'O Canada.' I never before quite realized the beauty, the grandeur, the dignity, the seriousness of that essentially patriotic hymn of praise."

Munitions

THIS, as has often been said, is a war of machinery. It is being fought by the man in the tool shop as well as by the man in the trenches. Without the support of the former, the latter would shed his blood in vain. Amazing has been the growth of munition output in the British Isles. Only comparitive figures are available for obvious reasons, but these as collected and presented by the *Daily Ontario* of Belleville, make a wonderful showing. The *Ontario* says:—

Excepting the development of aviation, few more romantic incidents have marked the present war than that of the enormous expansion of the production of munitions by Great Britain and her daughter countries; we may even call the United States a daughter country though a rebellious one. The rate of expansion in different classes of production is marvellous. Whatever the weekly production during the first year of the war was, it is placed at the unit one. The unit is merely used for purposes of relative comparison. To every single eighteen pounder produced per week in the first year of the war, 43 are produced now; of 4.5 field howitzers, 46 as against 1; of medium guns and howitzers, 66 as against 1; and of howitzers above six inches, 323 as against 1 per week. These are startling figures, but htey are not the maximum of the probable British output. They only mark the speeding up to the present time. Great Britain is now producing in eight and a half days the total of her output of 75 mm. shells during the first year of the war, that is for the whole year. In eight days now, she produces the total of her entire output in the first year of projectiles for field howitzers and in five and a half days that for medium guns and howitzers. In about one day she produces a total equivalent to her entire output in the first year of the war of products for heavy guns and howitzers, in other words that in this class of munition her output is increased 365 times. England is manufacturing at the present moment three times as many 155 mm. shells, five times as many 200 mm. shells, and three times as many 230 mm. shells a week as she manufactured during the whole of the first year of the war. The number of shells completed or filled during the week ended Nov. 26, 1916, exceeded by about 30 per cent. the stock of munitions held in reserve at the outbreak of hostilities.

So rapid has been the development in some respects since the speeding up commenced that Great Britain has actually ceased to manufacture certain classes of guns. She has overtaken her requirements.

Here are some other startling statistics, issued by the ministry of munitions in England respecting other branches of arms:—

The output of rifles is, for certain technical reasons, particularly difficult to increase. For every 100 rifles manufactured during one week in June, 1915, 160 were manufactured in June, 1916, and 173 in November, 1916. The number of rifles repaired and put back into service is about equal to half the total production of new rifles. The production of rifle and revolver cartridges has nearly trebled during the last year. Taking the weekly production in June, 1915, as 100, th weekly production in June, 1916, is represented by 280, and in November, 1916, by 290. The increase in the manufacture of explosives has been extremely rapid. For every ton of explosive employed in September, 1914, 350 tons were employed in July, 1915, and from 11,000 to 12,000 tons in July, 1916. The following figures show the average amount of explosive used in charging shells. These are based on one week in January, 1916, which is represented by 100:—

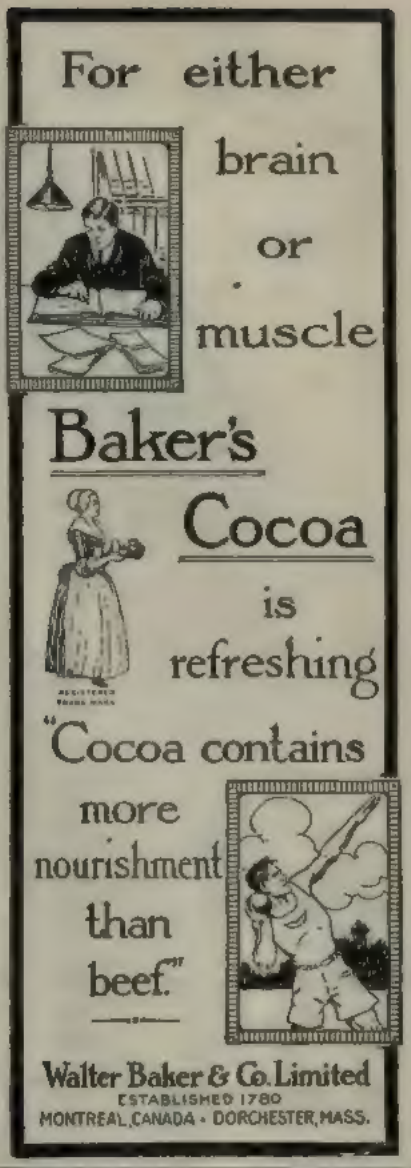
Weekly average for April	180
Weekly average for July	590
Weekly average for October	920
November 19-25, 1916	1120

The production of trench mortar ammunition and grenades has been so much developed that any further increase hardly seems necessary.

Decorations for Canadians

NO less than 2,715 Canadian soldiers have been decorated for merit since the war began. The Adjutant-General gives the following list:

These include French and Russian decorations, and are as follows: Victoria Cross, 6; Knight Commander of the Bath (civil), 1; Knight Commander of the Bath (military), 1; Companion of the Bath (civil), 3; Companion of the Bath (military), 6; Knight Bachelor, 1; Companion of St. Michael and St. George, 28; Distinguished Service Order, 114; Military Cross, 329; Bar for Military Cross, 9; Royal Red Cross, 35; Distinguished Conduct Medal, 371; Clasp to Distinguished Conduct Medal, 4; Military Medal, 1,138; Bar to Military Medal, 21;



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MR. A. E. LAUNDRY, EDMONTON, writes:—
"I fell from a building and received what
bad sprained ankle, and
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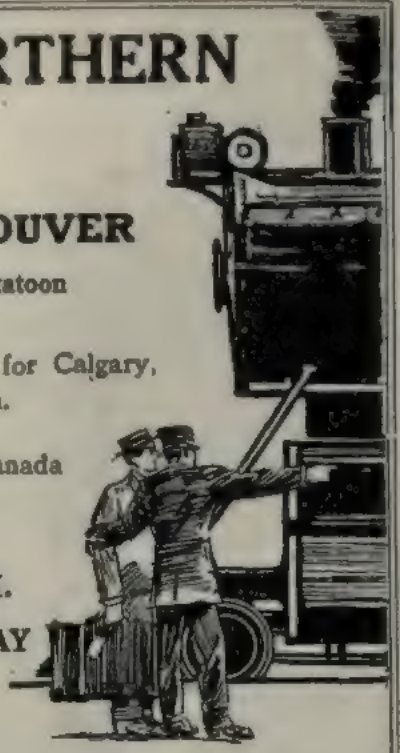

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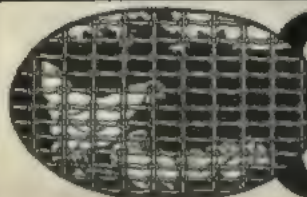

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Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

Meritorious Service Medal, 22; Mention in Dispatches, 542.

French decorations have been awarded to Canadians as follows: Legion of Honor, 14; Croix de Guerre, 15; Medaille Militaire, 12.

Russian decorat,ons have been awarded to the following number: Medal of St. George, 24; Cross of St. George, 15; Order of Ste. Anne, 2, Order of St. Stanilas.—*Victoria Colonist*

Innovation in Education

A MONTREAL department store is trying out a new plan to cope with the present day labor problem. This is to employ school girls, with alternate weeks of work in the store and attendance at school. The *Montreal Herald* has the following comment to make on the innovation:

The employment of women upon work formerly done chiefly by men is rapidly increasing, and that not only in the countries now at war. In the United States many men have found making munitions to be more profitable than their ordinary vocations. Women have taken up the work laid down by them. Thousands of girls are now employed in Montreal offices in positions formerly filled by men and doing the work well. Some of them are very young, and anxiety is expressed about the effect it will have upon their education. It is worth while to remember that a large proportion of education is not obtained in school. A big departmental store is trying to solve the problem by employing girls in alternate weeks, one week in the store and the next week in the school.

The principal objections will probably come from the schoolmasters, who are apt to have rather limited ideas as to what constitutes education, who regard examinations as the great test of capacity, and who may find their programmes rather demoralized by the new system. It will be interesting to see how far the girls who go to school every other week are behind those who go every week. The scheme is to organize the girls in couples. While one is at school the other will take her place in the store, and vice-versa. There are many girls at work in offices and stores who would be none the worse for a little more schooling, and many in the schools who would be all the better for a little business training. The change of employment will be no doubt attractive to a lot of the girls. If the object of the school is to equip the pupil for business life the system now being tried would seem to be admirable. If the subjects of study are well selected the pupils will attack their lessons with greatly increased interest and energy. A girl employed in a book department will be a better

saleswoman if she knows something about books. She will learn more about the art of selling in the store than she will at school. There are better places than school to acquire gumption—a colloquial expression which is defined as "Ready perception and discrimination; quick discernment and adoption of the elements of practical success; acuteness; common sense." On the other hand, she may actually learn more about the materials she has to sell at school than she can in the store. If she has to sell lace she may become a good judge of its quality by actually handling it, but she is all the more likely to interest her customers if she can tell them where it comes from and how it is made. Of course, there is a danger of her becoming pedantic about her wares; but that she will soon get over. That is where the gumption comes in.

There is no reason why this novel educational system should not be tried with the boys also. The average working boy could do with a lot more education than he has. He would acquire a lot of practical knowledge, he would learn something about his limitations, and get rid of a lot of superfluous freshness. If his studies were designed with some regard to his chosen occupation it would be all the better for him. Very often his occupation is not determined by choice. Very often he drifts into a job and drifts out again. He is ultimately a grocer's assistant, a dry goods clerk, an electrician, or a real estate man by accident. There was something in the old apprenticeship system besides slavery after all. The jack of all trades and master of none was exceptional.

Source of American Prosperity

HENRY FORD denies with emphasis that the present material prosperity in the United States is due to war conditions. He proves his contention by citing his own case. His business is prosperous, but he has not had a single war contract. Such is this man's logic. Even Ford would not deny that in the work of munition making thousands of Americans hav waxed wealthy and hundreds of thousands of American workmen have been kept busy at abnormally high wages. The vast profits and the high wages have stimulated the demand for luxuries, Ford cars among them. That is why Ford's business is so prosperous even though he has never filled a war contract.—*Hamilton Herald.*

Silence is frequently a duty when suffering is only personal, but it is an error and a faultwhen the suffering is that of millions.

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The Oat Is a Complete Food

Students of food values know that the oat contains all the elements we need. And in the right proportions. All save fat—which the cream supplies—and water.

It is rich in elements which most foods lack.

It is famous for its energizing powers.

For ages the effects have proved that. But science now tells us why.

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It is a closed sedan and open touring car in one.

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Closed, it has the appearance, luxury and protection of a car that is permanently enclosed. It's exactly the car for cold, inclement weather—or hundreds of occasions all year 'round when a closed car is desirable.

But with the windows lowered and the uprights folded away it is open to every friendly breeze that blows—and has much more character and style than an ordinary touring car.

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The Touring Sedan has double the utility and double the comfort of any car that is permanently either a closed or open car.

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